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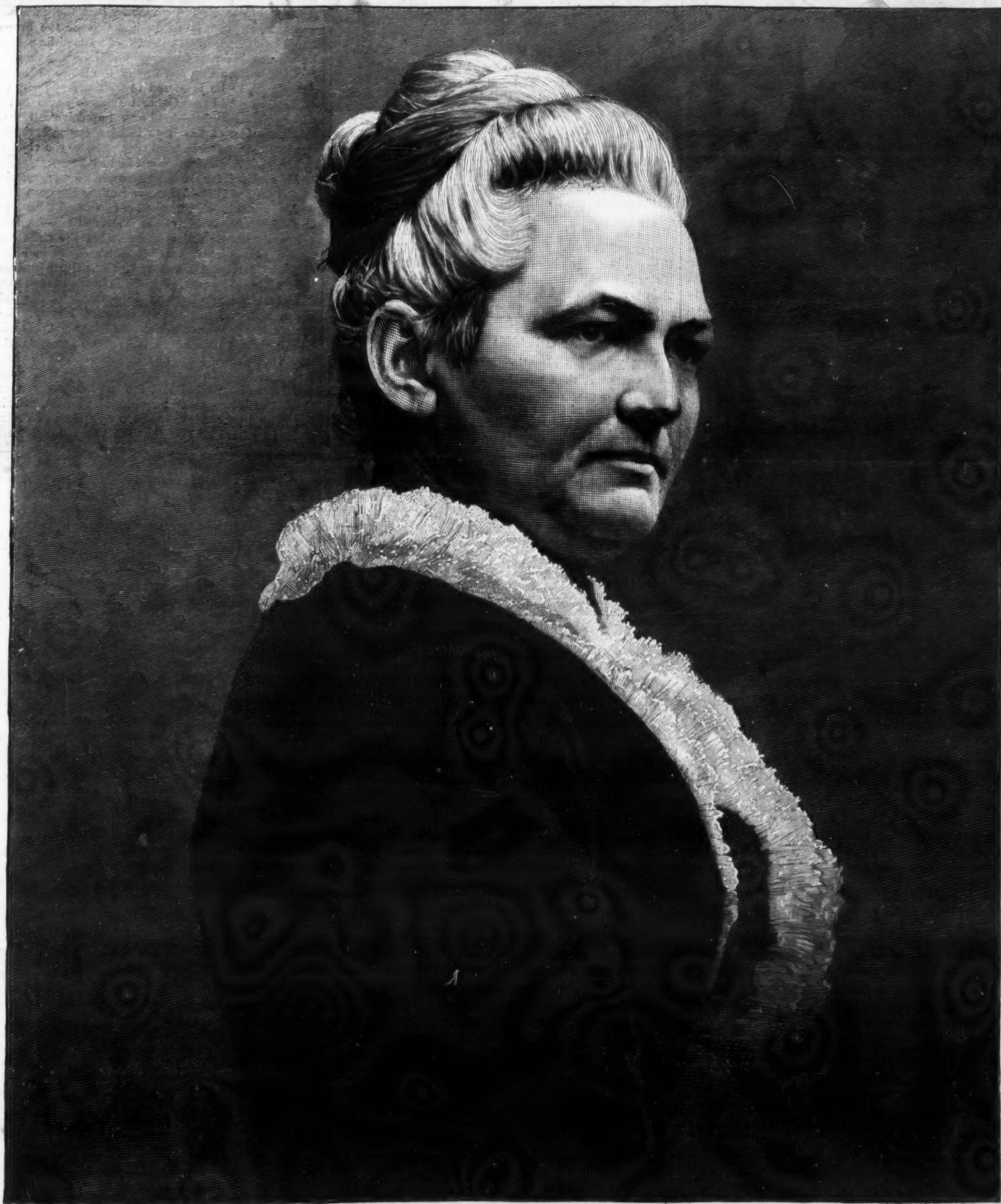
FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY JOURNAL NEWSPAPER

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MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN, WIDOW OF THE LATE DISTINGUISHED SENATOR AND SOLDIER.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 359.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1887.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

THREE is something in the air that prompts to exhilaration and merriment in mid-winter. If the weather be fair or bleak, snowy or bare, the air is surcharged with ozone, the malarial germs are frozen or paralyzed, and man feels a lustier sense of his power over nature and a more vigorous pride in the combat he wages with the elements than at any other period. Hence, like the festival of Thanksgiving, the mid-winter festival of Christmas and New Year's is spontaneous, and not artificial. Indeed, the march of the centuries has shortened and diminished rather than magnified it. The Saturnalia of the Romans and Greeks, twenty centuries ago, began two or three days before Christmas and continued more nearly three weeks than one. The Yule-tide of the Germans, dating as far back, began on December 25th and continued to January 6th, instead of January 1st. The ancient Germans all thought these "twelve nights" were the mystical period in which mortals could best ascertain what their great deities, Odin, Berchta, and the rest, had in store for them. Perhaps our modern habit of balancing books and taking an account of stock on the 1st of January is a survival of the ancient Teutonic custom of peering into the Books of Fate, to learn what the unseen powers that walk in darkness on the wintry air concealed from view.

More marriages are performed and fewer divorces granted or applied for at mid-winter than under the soft May moonlight or the balmy breath of June. The same spirit of generosity which induces Christmas presents and faith in divination also promotes marriage and all other forms of doing business on long credits. A debtor can get his note renewed more easily in the holidays than in March or September. More people have time to go to weddings, funerals and theatres, but fewer to sermons and lectures. The emotional takes precedence of the intellectual. The exhilarating supersedes the essential. Thus men, thinking they are free, become the sluiceways through which the tides of a more comprehensive Purpose than their own drift and ebb and flow, as the fine forces of instinct and of vegetative life weave into a web of subtle harmony the inter-relations of the bees and the flowers. It is so as to our holidays and our presents, our calls and greetings, our babies and our funerals.

Each person you will meet at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street believes he is there by an accident the nature of which he will explain. But the woman who sells flowers by the St. Paul's fence knows they are all there by necessity, except herself, since she can tell exactly how many persons are due at every hour of the day, and how freely they will buy according to the season. A hundred years from now another woman will sell flowers on the same spot, and she too will think they all meet there by law, while she is free.

As the years pass we wish each other a happy new year, in all the consciousness of freedom. We do not stop to think that the finer our sensibility to pleasure the more acute must be our susceptibility to pain. The higher our culture, relatively to that of our fellows, the more difficult it is to derive happiness, since the more surely must our surroundings fail to satisfy our taste. Thus happiness carries within it the fatal principle of pain as part of its own essence. But to these forms we must bow. The sheriff would be lacking in courtesy if he failed to wish a happy new year to the Anarchists whom he expects to hang in April. The employer wishes a happy new year to the clerk whom he may have to discharge in February. The physician wishes a glad new year to the patient in whose skin there is that faint hue of lead which is visible to others months before the patient conceives himself to be more than simply tired.

Thus in every leaf of love there lurks a flavor that is bitter—at the root of every flower of joy nestles the worm of pain. In the midst of our holiday congratulations the nation is in mourning for its fallen chiefs that follow each other more quickly than in battle. Yet ever onward sweeps the surging tide of humanity. For each of us who wish each other a glad new year in 1887, the great mystery remains unsolved—what is a Glad New Year? Each year we try afresh to solve the riddle, and each year we fail. Will it be found at last the glad new year is in that from which we most shrink—the Great Beyond?

THE INDIAN AS A CITIZEN.

WHEN the Indian Land Allotment Bill finally becomes a law, it will be a long step forward. Perhaps no Indian legislation has ever been more wisely designed than this, and it is strange that there has been such protracted delay in obtaining it. Wherever the Indians are to-day, they are surrounded by white men eager to invade their reservations. They view the Indians as so many "loafers," encumbering land to which they have no right, and this outside pressure is constantly becoming greater. On the other hand, the Indian feels that he has no individual right to the reservation land. There is

nothing to arouse his ambition. The reservation may be changed; and even if he undertakes farming, there is no certainty that the results of his labor will be secured to him. The Indians themselves have realized the evils of this system, and any lingering opposition on their part will vanish when the certainty of the new plan is fully understood. Without the allotment of land in severality it will be impossible to keep the reservations intact for a much longer time. With such allotment the Indian becomes a property-holder, encouraged to acquire means; and he should have the rights of citizenship as well. In a small way the experiment of giving land in severality has been already tried. Nearly 800 Chippewas, Sioux and Puyallups have taken individual titles within the last year. To the Omahas 950 patents have been issued, and according to Commissioner Atkins, the results are encouraging to the friends of this plan; and to other Indians who hesitate to adopt it, Secretary Lamar says: "The Indians realize that they must now, if ever, secure what they consider will be a sufficient quantity of land for themselves and their families."

It has been shown in the Indian Territory that the Indian's ambition can be aroused when he is given a chance to improve his condition. This plan has received the indorsement of Indian fighters like Crook and Miles. It is not a "philanthropic" measure. It is a question of common sense, and the settlement which is now at hand will save money and trouble to the Government, and also prevent the violation of more treaties. Every sensible person acknowledges now that the old method of dealing with tribes was a mistake. Senator Dawes has agreed to substitute the granting of patents to individuals for grants to tribes in the original Bill, and we have nearly heard the last of negotiations with tribes. Very prudently it is provided that no title can be alienated for twenty-five years. The Indians will need some care and protection at first, and the advantages of the change will be more conspicuous in the next generation than this. But when the Indian owns his land he should be able to make contracts, and to seek protection from, or to be punished by, the civil law. In short, he should have the privileges of his white neighbors, and be subject to the same laws. This means the rights of citizenship.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE European situation is so threatening, that men cannot, if they would, refrain from calculating the chances of a grapple between France and Germany. The war may begin in the East and between other Powers; but it is felt by all that, begin where it may, the war will be fought out by the two giants on the Rhine. Least of all is there any doubt on this subject among the Germans and the French. It is true that when the struggle does come, it will be no duel like that of 1870, for allies will not be wanting to either combatant; and yet the chief question for all who look into the matter is, How far is France from being a match for Germany?

The popular mind in Germany and in a good many other countries takes it for granted that France is the weaker nation, and the popular mind is not always wrong. If the German Government and military authorities share the popular belief, they act, at least, as if they thought France very formidable; and there can be no doubt that they have good reasons for their action.

One consideration, at the outset, makes against the French in the public opinion of the world. They live more in the light, are more seen and heard and written about, than the Germans, and whatever defect in organization or administration is exposed and criticised by themselves in their searching way is seen of men everywhere, and commented on and magnified. Things are differently managed in Germany. So far as military organization goes, it must be believed, on the report of military men, that Germany is still at the head of the nations; and organization is a capital point in military strength. At the same time, the relative superiority of the Germans to the French on this point is vastly below what it was sixteen years ago. The Germans have not lost, but the French have gained much more rapidly than was thought possible, and are not far behind their antagonists, allowance being made for the difference of national temperament, a difference much like that which exists between the English and the Americans. The French and the Americans will not submit to the mechanical discipline which is the ideal of English and German officers, and the organization of the former will never entirely satisfy a martinet.

Remembering this, it is plain that the French, to-day, are not only, as a distinguished German officer has said, "gallant and dangerous soldiers," but that they have also a military system that works with efficiency. Trochu, a critic singularly hard to please, admitted, in his second book on the French Army (1879), that the improvement in thoroughness since 1872 had been very great, though he still found fault with the independent bearing of the troops on parade, so unlike his English and German and Russian types of perfection. Since 1879 there has been no break in the forward movement. The changes in the War Ministry have not affected the principle of the system, which has worked steadily to make a competent soldier of every valid man in the nation, and with such success that the French Army on a war footing, without counting the reserves and the untrained men, numbers 1,600,000 soldiers. Germany is not far behind this

figure, and should be more than able to hold her own in a hand-to-hand fight with France, since her population is greater by seven millions.

The game of war is, however, not the least uncertain of games. The German Army could be mobilized, no doubt, quite as rapidly as in 1870, but it would have to meet, instead of an inorganic, inferior force, an enemy equal in strength, efficient and solid, and animated by the deepest and the most unyielding determination.

It was a saying of Napoleon's, received as an axiom by military men, that in war "the moral is to the physical as three to one." Looking at the internal causes of weakness and the essential cohesion of each nation, there seems to be reason enough why Germany, with all her might, should dread the coming encounter with France.

THE THINNING RANKS.

HOW frequent have been the reminders, lately, that the generation who fought the battles of the Civil War and guided the nation through the troubled scenes of reconstruction, are passing away! Great gaps have been made in the ranks of the leaders during the past few months. It seems but yesterday that the entire nation was watching with sympathetic solicitude the brave but hopeless struggle of General Grant with pitiless disease; but, since his remains were laid away, Hancock and McClellan have dropped out of the ranks of the Grand Army here, to be mustered in with the majority on the other side. And now General Logan's name has been added to the long list—the brave, impulsive soldier of the West, the idol of the Boys in Blue everywhere, having been stricken down in what seemed to be the vigor of his manhood. Whose turn will it be next?

It is difficult for the older of us, in whose memories the experiences of 1861-1865 are as fresh as the events of yesterday, to realize that more than two decades have passed since the grand review of the armies at Washington preliminary to their disbandment; that the child born on that day has already reached man's estate, and that the control of public affairs as well as of private business interests is rapidly passing into the hands of men to whom the great struggle for the preservation of the Union is not a memory, but simply recorded history, like the Revolutionary War or Napoleon's conquests. It will not be many years before even the ragged remnants of regiments which now parade on Decoration Day to pay their tender tributes to the memories of departed comrades will have disappeared, and the few lonely survivors, enfeebled with age, their marching days past, will ride in the annual processions escorted by "Sons of Veterans."

But we have no fear that the generation now marching on to the field of active life to take the places of those who are retiring with honorable scars will be found wanting in whatever crisis may arise. The Grants, the Shermans, the Sheridans, the Thomases, the Garfields, the Logans of 1861 were tanners and teachers and subordinate officers of the Army, or comparatively obscure members of Congress, when the call to arms was sounded, and even those who in responsible executive stations or in the national councils served the country no less devotedly, earned their titles to greatness in that service—not before. So the men of to-day or of to-morrow will not be found wanting. Looking back upon the history made by those men who are now passing away, in its glorious completion, we are impressed by the grandeur of their deeds, while our vision of current events is so dwarfed that they are belittled. But history will deal justly with the achievements, if not with the motives, of men, and we can afford to wait for its verdict. In the meantime, we honor ourselves when we honor those who made great sacrifices and rendered invaluable services a quarter of a century ago. May the lives of the survivors long be spared to the country.

ORGANIZED LABOR ON TRIAL.

THE past has been a memorable year in the industrial history of this country. It has witnessed a healthful revival in most branches of business, the inception of new enterprises and the expansion of old ones, and a general advance in the wages paid for labor; and this was accompanied, during the early months of the year, by an increase in the membership of the Knights of Labor unprecedented in the history of the Order, by attempts of workingmen's organizations to regulate the relations existing between labor and capital to an extent never ventured upon before, and finally, during the closing weeks of the year, by a revolt in the ranks of the Knights that threatens, if not the very existence of the Order, at least to limit its influence and curtail its power either for good or evil. How far this tendency to disintegration may extend it is yet too early to predict; but that it is gathering strength almost everywhere is apparent even to the most casual reader of the newspapers.

Every day's developments make it more and more apparent that the weakness which organized labor now shows is a structural one. Socialists and Anarchists are as much the enemies of honest labor as of invested capital; cotton-spinners in New England have no such direct interest in the wages paid to beef-packers in Chicago, or in the number of hours they shall work in a day, as to warrant great sacrifices to sustain them in a controversy with their employers—it is impossible for the Eastern operative even to know the right in the Western

controversy. But the organizers of the Knights of Labor have built up a great, unwieldy body, composed of a thousand differing elements like these, many of which have little in common except that they are composed of men and women most of whom work with their hands for a living and are dependent for employment upon the capital of others. And the representatives of this heterogeneous mass undertake to fix the pay for labor in trades with which they are altogether unfamiliar, and to formulate politico-economic doctrines about which there is as much difference of opinion within the ranks of the Knights as without.

The present rebellion against the authority of General Master Workman Powderly and the Executive Board over which he presides, the threats of several large district assemblies to withdraw from the Order and organize a new one, and the demand for a change of officers and a reduction of salaries, are but the more demonstrative manifestations of a deep-seated dissatisfaction with the results which the Knights are attaining. In many of the district assemblies which have apparently been pursuing the even tenor of their way the members have been quietly withdrawing by the thousand; in the little State of Rhode Island the average loss in membership since October 1st has been 1,200 a month—the workingmen have simply learned from experience that the practical advantages offered by the Order do not compensate for its tyranny.

We do not expect to see the Order of the Knights of Labor wiped out of existence by the present dissensions, but we do anticipate the utter failure of the attempt which its founders have made to bring those engaged in all the trades and occupations into one organization and under one central authority. A federation of trades may be possible, and towards that labor seems now to be drifting; but even that will contain in it the seeds of its dissolution if Socialists and Anarchists are allowed to become influential in its councils. Labor has much to gain by a wise organization, kept within its legitimate bounds, but it trifles with a boomerang when it places itself in antagonism to the established principles of property, law, order and good government.

WOMEN AT A MATINÉE.

IT is a curious circumstance that women who behave so well in case of shipwreck, or any sudden calamity, should behave so badly in a crowd. It is almost universally observed that, in the vestibule of a crowded theatre or opera-house, woman—gentle woman—becomes a terror to the bystanders; the bravest man, even a Titan, becomes afraid of the integrity of his fifth rib if there are women around. A woman, probably from nervousness, seems aroused, by the nearness of a crowd, to a species of brutality and a perfect determination to get in front of the next person; even little children are trampled underfoot in the *mélée* by these angry amazons of a crowd. Women behave, also, with a lack of consideration at crowded readings and parlor concerts. They will not move on or up; they will block doorways and defy the hostess. They seem to leave their manners at home when invited to make one of a large party in an elegant drawing-room. Often the persistent obstinacy of one woman will obstruct a doorway, keeping fifty women from getting desirable seats. Whence this unenviable lack of politeness?—this sudden departure from the quality of good breeding?

With many women, it is no doubt a sense of feebleness—"No one knows what an enraged lamb will do." The woman, insecure in her strength, thinks, "Now I must fight for my rights," and she proceeds to do so, like all feeble creatures, in a most unwise, ungenerous way. Another explanation is, the sort of emulation which one woman feels in the presence of other women, which she never feels in the presence of man. Another and a poorer reason is, the innate selfishness which is said to lie dormant in the breast of a woman when her affections do not prove a guiding-star.

The fact remains, women behave in a crowd far worse than men. They plant their elbows in each other's sides; certain women have been known to use that more dangerous weapon, a parasol, and ribs have been broken at the matinée of a favorite opera; and they reach the summit of bad-breeding at a fashionable reading, or evening concert in a private house, when they refuse to make room for others, embarrass the hostess by sitting in doorways, or choking up alleys—a most dangerous practice. "But I may want to leave early," argues some lady, who is sitting exactly in the nearest approach to the door. Then leave at once, and do not spoil the pleasure of perhaps a hundred people. It is one of the seven minor sins—woman's cruelty in a crowd.

DECLINE IN ENGLISH LAND VALUES.

THE rapid decline in the value of agricultural land in England during the past decade is causing a good deal of anxiety among English landholders. The fact is all the more alarming in that the decrease in values seems to continue. In Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Lancashire and Northumberland land will not bring anything like the price for which it could have been sold ten years ago. The same is true of Somerset, Devon, Hampshire, and other southern counties. But the fall in prices, although general, is especially noticeable in the eastern and middle counties. In Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire extensive farmers who were supposed to be making money have abandoned farming pursuits and turned their attention to other employments. It was but the other day that a farm of 2,700 acres in Lancashire, said to be "the largest single farm in England," was thrown on the owner's hands. The tenant had paid five dollars an acre for the year 1886, but had been given a reduction of fifty per cent for the coming year. Even at that reduction he concluded that, although an experienced farmer, it would be impossible to make both ends meet, and he therefore turned over the farm to the owner. According to trustworthy correspondents, cases of this kind are of much more frequent occurrence than they have been for many years past, and all this in face of the fact that rents are being reduced.

It is certainly strange that, in a country of so limited extent as England, land values should decrease as they have done during the past ten years. We are told that these values have fallen to such an extent that, whereas the average price in 1876 was \$260 per acre, \$160 is considered a high price to-day. The recent announcement that Lord Salisbury has been obliged to grant reductions of

twenty per cent. to the tenants on his English estates, as other landlords are compelled to do, is in itself corroborative of the statements made and the figures given by correspondents regarding this decline. It is apparent that the monopoly of land does not work well in England, at least for the farmers and agricultural laborers, many of the latter being now in state of the most deplorable wretchedness. It is not impossible that social discontent may develop an English Land Question as difficult of settlement as that which the Government is compelled to face on the other side of St. George's Channel.

THE law for the taxation of oleomargarine and other imitations of butter continues to be quite generally violated, no doubt. One principal cause of these violations may be found in the stupid way in which the taxes are levied. According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, special taxes have been since November 1st assessed on thirty-four manufacturers of oleomargarine, on 204 wholesale dealers, and on 2,415 retail dealers. Here are three distinct classes interested in evading the tax, whereas in the case of liquors and cigars, the manufacturers are taxed, but not the wholesalers and retailers, who pay a certain revenue license whether they sell more or less, thus rendering the collection of the taxes less complex and less expensive in consequence.

GENERAL LOGAN died a poor man. Not a cent of public money beyond the wages he honorably earned ever stuck to his fingers. His eminence as a soldier in our Civil War and his services in the Senate and House alike entitle him to the gratitude of his countrymen. We trust the sympathy evoked by his death will not expend itself in mere words, but take a more substantial shape. Grand Army men of Brooklyn offer the practical suggestion that a subscription be made to pay off the mortgage on his house in Washington. More, even, than this ought to be done for the sake of his noble wife, who served the country in the fulfillment of her duties to him, and we are glad that a movement has already been started by eminent public men to raise a fund of \$200,000 for her benefit.

CRITICAL condemnation of the Autumn Exhibition of the National Academy of Design has aroused that *vene abe* institution to the necessity for a change. The Academy exhibitions are no longer representative, owing to the monopoly of places by Academicians and their pupils, and utter lack of discrimination in accepting and arranging pictures. A business firm, the American Art Association, has held far stronger exhibitions, and it is time that the Academy should do something to regain its prestige. Some new blood is to be infused into the committees upon acceptance and hanging, and there is a general movement towards liberality and progressiveness which we trust will produce good results. Our oldest art society should certainly hold the American exhibitions.

IF the present opportunities for the collection, classification, arrangement and study of those objects that throw light upon the paleontological and archaeological history of this country are not improved, they will pass away never to return; if they are, the United States will not only possess the largest and best museum of specimens illustrating these departments of research, but will be able to make most important contributions to science. In the interest of the extension of the range of human knowledge over fields which private enterprise cannot cover, and which are, therefore, legitimate objects of Government concern, we bespeak from Congress generous treatment of the scientific work now in progress under the direction of the National Survey, and especially of the National Museum, already inadequate for the exhibition of the treasures now collected. A little of the Government's surplus revenue might very properly be spent in the extension of this building. The people do not begrudge the money thus spent.

THE successor of General Logan in the United States Senate will, of course, be a Republican, that party having a majority of sixteen on joint ballot in the Illinois Legislature. A number of candidates are already in the field, but as yet no aspirant has appeared who measures up to the true Senatorial standard. Illinois is not without strong and able men, but the Republican party has no one in its ranks who is qualified to become the conspicuous figure in affairs which General Logan has been for nearly a quarter of a century. Among those who are prominently named in connection with the succession are Governor Oglesby, ex-Secretary Lincoln, Representatives Cannon and Payson, and C. B. Farwell; but it is possible that the honor may fall to some representative Republican not as yet definitely in the race. Of the Representatives mentioned, Mr. Cannon has rendered valuable service as a member of the House Committee on Appropriations, while Mr. Payson has distinguished himself by his efforts to recover for the people the portion of the public domain forfeited by the land-grant railroad corporations.

THE removal of Mr. Combs, Appraiser-general of the Maryland district, appears to be one of the unfortunate acts of the Cleveland Administration. No adequate reason has been given for this removal, and Mr. Combs's record seems unimpeachable. The letter which he has published contains points difficult for those who are friends both of the Administration and of Civil Service Reform to answer. One statement demands immediate inquiry. It is asserted that Mr. Combs's telegram of inquiry to Secretary Manning on hearing of the appointment of his successor called forth an answer, but the answer was suppressed by Appointment Clerk Higgins on the ground that "it might complicate matters." If this is true, the notorious Higgins ought promptly to be deprived of any possible opportunity to suppress official documents. In any case another blunder is to be charged against the present Administration. It should not be forgotten, however, that no preceding Administration has been judged by such severe standards. Removals without cause and appointments for political reasons have been the rule heretofore, but we must acknowledge that under President Cleveland they have been the exception, although exceptions are much to be deplored by believers in true Civil Service Reform.

It has been said that the age of oratory has passed away, and that the Press has usurped the functions of the orator; but the oration by Henry W. Grady at the dinner of the New England Society of New York was the most impressive exposition of the aims and thought of the New South which we have had, and it has given the orator national reputation for the first time, although for many years he has been an active and able journalist. The fervid Southern temperament favors eloquent oratorical effort. Others, like Gordon and Lamar, have given admirable expression to the aims of the New South, but no one has spoken with all the dignity, sincerity, eloquence, pathos and humor of Mr. Grady's noble address. His was a great subject. Through him the South of to-day spoke to the country of which it is again a loyal part. The ready response from Maine to California is such a tribute to the

orator's presentation of his cause as has not been paralleled of recent years. Mr. Grady's thrilling eulogy of Lincoln, his tribute to the sincerity and heroism of those who sacrificed all to the Lost Cause, and his pathetic description of the Confederate soldier returning ruined and defeated to a desolate home, all touched sympathetic chords in the hearts of hearers and readers, for this was one of the few orations which could stand the test of cold print. But Mr. Grady did not stop here. He pictured the manly courage with which the defeated soldier accepted the new conditions, and turned to develop industry and prosperity out of ruin. The orator told how resignation was succeeded by the belief that, after all, the extinction of slavery was a blessing and the preservation of the Union for the best. The burdens imposed upon the South by war, the magnitude of the problems set by emancipation, enfranchisement and changed conditions, and the cheerful courage with which the nobler sons of the South have undertaken their mighty task, have been brought home with emphasis to the people of our country by this oration, and the result is a perfecting of sympathy and an understanding of the loyal patriotism of the New South. Its material development has been magnificent, but still more splendid has been the intellectual and moral change of attitude in which large-hearted and large-minded patriots like Henry W. Grady have been the leaders.

THE abuses of alcohol are seen and felt not alone in this country, but in every civilized nation on the globe. How to correct these abuses is everywhere the question that forces itself upon the attention of governments and peoples. The spread of drunkenness among the Swiss, for example, has lately been investigated, and traced to the free use, cheap production, and adulteration of alcoholic spirits. So powerful was the impression made by these investigations, that the Federal Government has been constrained to take the liquor traffic under its own exclusive direction. The distillers are required to sell all their product to the state, and to carry on the process of distillation under the strictest official surveillance as to materials and methods. The retail prices of liquor will be raised, in the expectation of thereby diminishing consumption. The Government expects to secure from this source some \$2,000,000 of net revenue, of which sum it is proposed to spend in the several cantons seven and a half per cent. in support of measures to correct the abuses of alcohol. Of course the extreme prohibitionists will scoff at this as a governmental sanction of the traffic, and, therefore, intolerable; but candid men will watch the experiment with interest, in the hope that it may diminish, even if it does not remove, the evils of drunkenness. The American Government cannot indeed enter into the business of liquor-selling; but for all that, the Swiss experiment may throw light upon some features of the great world problem.

THE exodus of colored plantation laborers from Mississippi to Texas and Arkansas has attained such proportions as actually to threaten a labor famine in some of the sections deserted. Politics probably has little or nothing to do with this movement. New lands are being opened up in the Southwest which at present can only be successfully cultivated by negro labor, and the greater fertility of the virgin soil, as well as other natural advantages, enable the owners of them to offer better terms to the laborer than their old employers have given them. This, coupled with the natural disposition of the negro to migrate when left to himself, with sufficient means, probably explains the practical depopulation of many plantations in the older States. And it cannot be stopped by threatening the emigration agents with violence. They are white men who are not likely to be frightened by a display of shot-guns. If the Mississippi planters would keep their labor, they must make the negro understand that it is for his interest to remain; they must pay better wages, adopting modern improvements to make up for the extra expense; give the colored man more freedom, and allow his vote to be counted in State and National elections. Texas and Arkansas have proved attractive fields of enterprise for many of the more wide-awake white men of the South, and the planters in the older States might as well make up their minds that there will hereafter be a sharp competition for the labor upon which they have been dependent.

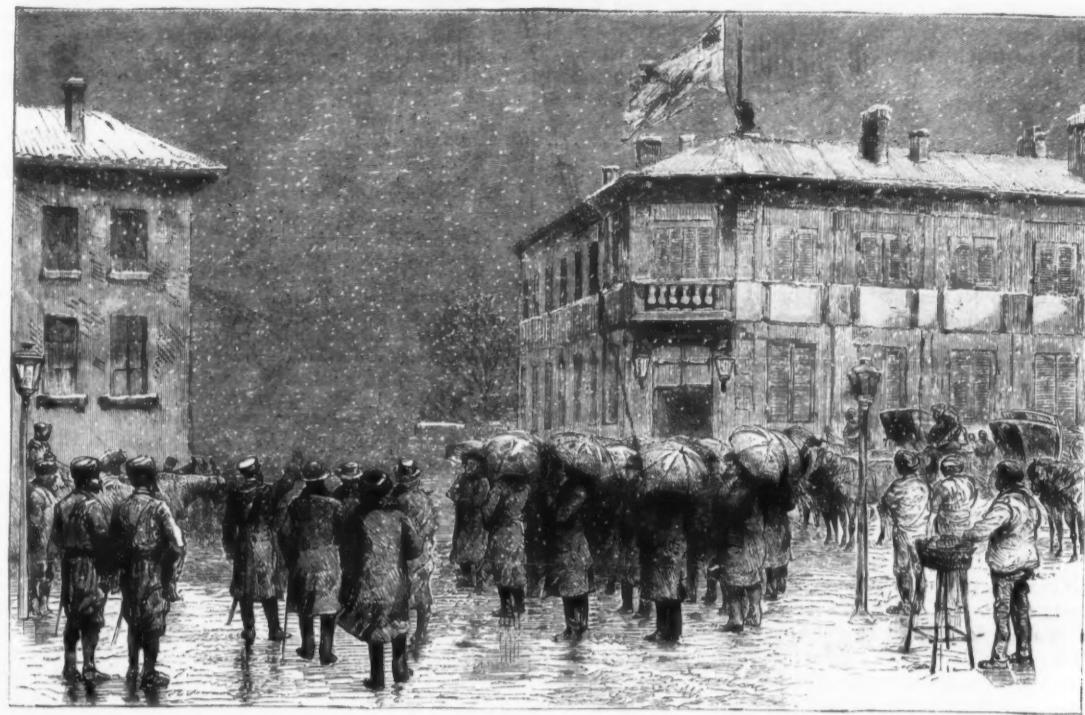
THE English political crisis is not yet ended. The efforts to induce Lord Hartington to join a Coalition Ministry have not so far been successful, although Mr. Chamberlain, with characteristic instability, has swung back to the assistance of the Tories, and used his influence to bring about such a result. The Conservatives do not altogether favor a Hartington-Salisbury union, but the necessities of the case are so urgent that they would, no doubt, acquiesce in such a combination if it could be effected. It seems to be understood that no attempt will be made to conciliate Lord Randolph Churchill, who is denounced on all sides for his hasty resignation, but that audacious person does not appear to be at all concerned as to the outcome of that proceeding. He is said to believe that the new Toryism, of which he is a representative, will eventually predominate over that represented by a majority of the present Cabinet, and there are indications that he will not hesitate to emphasize, as opportunity offers, his growing opposition to Lord Salisbury on nearly every political question. The indications now are that Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith, Secretary of War, will take Churchill's place as Conservative leader in the Commons. Meanwhile it is stated that Mr. Morley has made overtures to Mr. Chamberlain to concert a platform upon which to invite the Liberals, asking as a first condition that he will state definitely the limits of his acceptance of the Gladstonian Home Rule measure. There is growing doubt as to the success of these attempts at reconciliation.

It has been assumed by certain newspapers, distinguished rather for sensationalism than accuracy of information, that there was a coolness, if not a feeling of positive hostility, between Mr. Blaine and the late General Logan. That they both aspired to the Presidency, and were to that extent rivals, may be admitted; but it does not by any means follow that they were enemies, or that either pursued his own ambition in ways injurious to the other. Such rivalry is not necessarily incompatible with the highest mutual esteem and cordial friendship. Those who have credulously assumed that either Logan or Blaine would be unwilling to subordinate his ambition to the will and the judgment of the Republican party as to the best interests of the country have mistaken the character of the men and their relations to each other. The Philadelphia *Press* testifies: "Last Spring, Logan said to the writer of these words, 'Blaine and I are far better friends than the men who undertake to bring something between us.' And, the other day, as he rode to the funeral of the ex-President, he said to a close friend of Mr. Blaine, 'Tell Blaine that, if he is a candidate, we are all for him'; and then he added, with characteristic manliness and frankness, 'But if he is not a candidate, I want to know it.' In perfect accordance with this is the testimony of Mr. Blaine himself, who, since Logan's death, has said: 'There never was an unkind word between us, and, so far as I know, neither had an unkind thought of the other. I say this, knowing all it conveys, and knowing also all that it contradicts.'

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 358.



ENGLAND.—LADY COLIN CAMPBELL (FROM THE PORTRAIT BY WHISTLER).



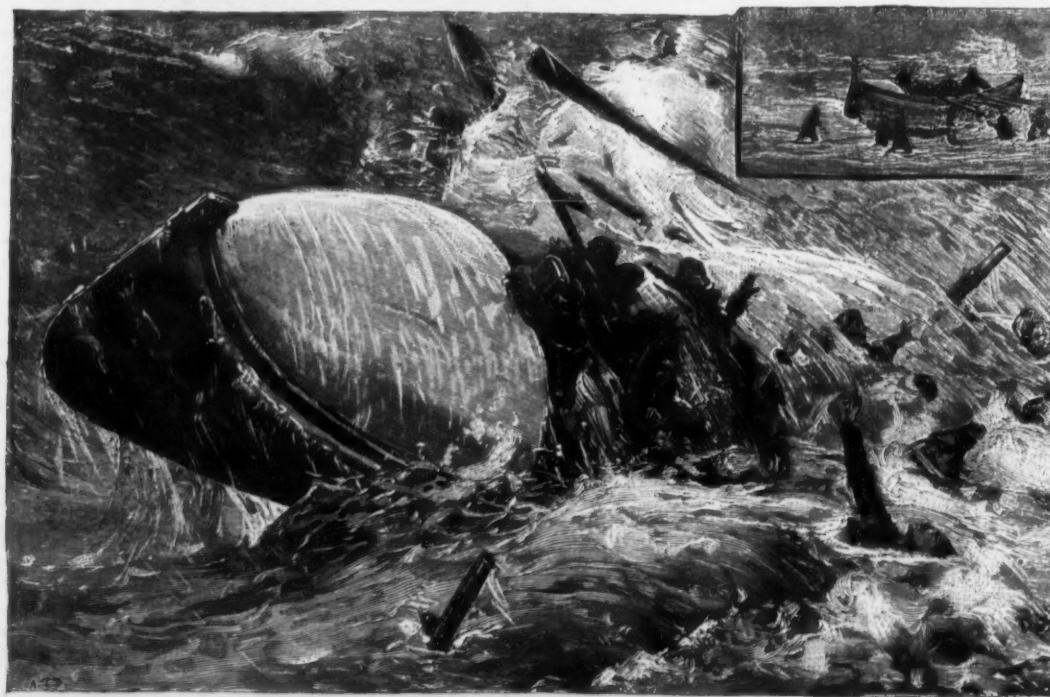
BULGARIA.—DEPARTURE OF GENERAL KAULBARS FROM SOFIA—HAULING DOWN THE RUSSIAN FLAG.



SCOTLAND.—THE LATE HORATIO ROSS, KING OF HIGHLAND SPORTSMEN.



FRANCE.—MERLATTI, ON THE FORTY-FIFTH DAY OF HIS FAST.



ENGLAND.—THE GREAT GALE AND LIFEBOAT DISASTER AT SOUTHPORT, LANCASHIRE.



AFRICA.—DR. WILLIAM JUNKER, THE RUSSIAN EXPLORER.

HON. L. K. CHURCH,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA TERRITORY.

DAKOTA.—HON. L. K. CHURCH, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA TERRITORY.

LOUIS KOSSUTH CHURCH, Dakota's new Governor, is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he was born, December 11th, 1846, of English-Welsh parentage. He was educated in New York, studied law and was admitted to practice at the Bar. He never held any political office until 1882, when he was returned a member of the General Assembly from the First District of Queens County. He was re-elected in 1883, and again in 1884, but declined a re-election in 1885. Mr. Church was soon afterwards nominated by President Cleveland Associate Justice of Dakota, and has now been nominated for the higher position of Governor of the Territory, and will, of course, be confirmed by the Senate.

While in the New York Assembly, Mr. Church took an active and prominent part in the movement, led by Theodore Roosevelt, for reform in the City Government of New York, and is understood to have incurred thereby the bitter enmity of certain "boodle" politicians of this city. He has always been a Democrat, but he has evinced a sturdy independence of action in dealing with public affairs that augur well for his success in his new position. Governor Church is genial and unassuming in manner, and makes and holds friends by his frankness and sincerity.

GEN. THOMAS MOONLIGHT,
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF WYOMING TERRITORY.

GENERAL THOMAS MOONLIGHT, just nominated for Governor of Wyoming Territory, was born near Arbroath, Forfarshire, Scotland, November 10th, 1833. At an early age he came to America as a forecastle-boy, and from the moment of his arrival worked hard to obtain an education and prepare himself for the duties of life. At the breaking out of the late war he was a farmer in Kansas, of which State he has been a resident since October, 1857. He shouldered his musket as a private in the War for the Union in June, 1861, and served until the conclusion of peace, rising from a private to a Colonel of Cavalry, and a Brigadier-general by brevet in February, 1865.

In politics he was a Douglas Democrat, but became a Republican

KANSAS.—GEN. THOMAS MOONLIGHT, RECENTLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF WYOMING TERRITORY.
PHOTO. BY BELL.A SUMMER RESORT IN THE WINTER-TIME.—A SCENE ON BROADWAY, SARATOGA.
FROM A PHOTO. BY RECORD & EPFLER.—SEE PAGE 358.

after the Democratic Convention of 1864 declared the war was a failure. In 1865 he was elected Secretary of State, and served for two years, when he openly renounced the party, and again returned to the Democracy. In 1872 he was elected State Senator from Leavenworth (where he resided), and served in the sessions of 1872 and 1874. He has always taken great interest in educational matters, and while Secretary of State he aided in securing a branch of the State Normal School at Leavenworth, and was for years Vice-president of the Board of Directors.

As a Democratic politician, General Moonlight has done much to build up the party in Kansas, spending his time and means with slight expectation of political reward, Kansas being nearly always solidly Republican. In 1880 he was elected President of the State Convention which sent delegates to the National Convention at Cincinnati. In the State Convention following he was nominated Presidential Elector-at-large on the Hancock and English ticket, and made a canvass of the entire State, polling nearly 60,000 votes. In 1882 he was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, and precipitated the fight at Emporia which resulted in the nomination and election of General W. Glick, the first Democratic Governor of Kansas. In 1884 General Moonlight was again called to the Chairmanship of the Committee on Resolutions, and also received the nomination of Presidential Elector-at-large for Cleveland and Hendricks, and he again made a canvass of the State, polling the increased vote of 90,000. In August, 1886, he was nominated for Governor, and is said to have made the most brilliant canvass on record in that State, running up the Democratic poll to 116,000 votes.

The appointment of General Moonlight to the Governorship of Wyoming was a surprise to every public man in Washington, but to none more so than the recipient. The Kansas Democrats are enthusiastic over the appointment, and the President and Secretary Lamar are highly commended for having put "the right man in the right place."

THE CASHIER'S STORY.

By ALFRED B. TOZER.

"I HAVE tried time and again to reason myself out of it. I don't like the idea of going through life acknowledging that I am indebted to the supernatural for my very existence. I have never believed in the supernatural. I am not going to believe in it now if I can find any other way of accounting for my being here, instead of at the foot of a gravestone out on the hill yonder."

We had been discussing Spiritualism before the open fire in Charley's room, and had drifted from arguments on the condition of the dead to the relation of incidents of a mysterious character influencing the lives of the living.

"I don't like to figure as a creature of the mysterious," Charley continued, "because it seems to commit me to a belief in all sorts of outlandish and unnatural things—to inclose me in an atmosphere altogether unearthly; but my only relief seems to lie in an utter repudiation of an occurrence too real and too productive of practical results to be repudiated, so you see I am in a good deal of a mess over it."

Now, Charley is one of the most matter-of-fact of men. At the down-town bank where he holds the position of cashier, such an admission on his part would have produced a sensation. In the familiar circle where he sat that night it only provoked curiosity. This curiosity he at once proceeded to satisfy, beginning with an abrupt question:

"Do you remember the night of the 15th of March?"

No one seemed to remember, for no one answered.

"That's singular," he said, after a moment's silence. "At the time you all took a great interest in at least one of the occurrences of that night. I refer to the attempted bank-robbery."

Certainly: we all remembered that. We had simply failed to locate it on the date given—the night of the 15th of March.

"Well, when I left the bank that evening," Charley continued, "I was accompanied by Dick Munson, the paying-teller—a pale, nervous little fellow, with a memory for faces and signatures almost phenomenal, and an instinctive ability to detect fraud. We stopped on the bank-steps for a moment to speak to a customer, and then passed on up the street together. His rooms are about half a mile further out than mine, and when we were kept at the bank later than usual, as on that occasion, we frequently dined together at a neat little restaurant not far from my chambers. We did so that night, occupying a table alone in a small alcove from which a window looked out upon a side street.

"We were well through the meal, when Dick called my attention to the figure of a man standing on the outer edge of the walk, and facing across the side street.

"Do you remember having seen that person before this evening?" he asked.

"I glanced up carelessly, and replied that, to the best of my recollection, I then saw the man for the first time.

"Then," he added, nervously, "note some peculiarity in dress or attitude, so you will know if you see him again. Wait; the face is the best index. He may turn this way in a moment."

"As though influenced by our rigid scrutiny, the man on the walk turned almost before Dick had done speaking, and faced the window where we sat.

"Don't look now," Dick said, turning his own eyes away. "He is watching us. When you do look, notice the upper portion of his face. People of his kind usually point out their peculiarities by trying to hide them. Look sharp under the rim of the slouch hat he wears for some distinguishing mark."

"While the teller was speaking, I caught a full view of the man's face. The eyebrows were very thick and black, and came close together. There was no arch to speak of, and the general effect

was that of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead. It was a face not easily forgotten.

"I thought you would find something there," Dick said, when I told him what I had seen. "I was not quick enough to see the fellow's face, but I should have known him anywhere. He stood in front of the bank-steps when we stopped there tonight, and has kept us in sight nearly all the way up. Unless he is frightened off we shall hear from him before long."

"I laughed heartily at Dick's view of the matter, and nothing more was said on the subject until we reached my rooms. Then, placing his hand on my arm, he exclaimed :

"I can't get over what we were talking about at the restaurant. I can't get that slouching figure on the edge of the walk out of my mind. Let me remind you once more to look sharp for that face wherever you go. Good-night."

"He was off before I could make any reply, and I went on up-stairs, laughing quietly at what I considered the nervous fears of a tired-out and naturally suspicious man.

"On my sitting-room table I found a note reminding me of an important engagement in another part of the city, and left hurriedly. To this day the janitor insists that I left my door unlocked, but I am positive that I did not. Not long after my departure, however, he found it ajar, looked carelessly through the rooms, saw that I was not there, and locked it. Had he been more thorough in his search he would doubtless have saved me a very strange experience.

"It was midnight when I returned to my rooms. The gas was burning dimly in the sitting-room, but the sleeping-room beyond it was in total darkness. Opening from the sleeping-room was a large bathroom, and adjoining this was a large clothes-closet. I locked the door as usual, turned up the gas, and went to bed, as I frequently did, without striking light in the sleeping-room or opening the doors leading to the bathroom and closet. I was tired, and fell asleep immediately.

"How long I slept soundly I cannot tell. I am utterly unable to describe the first sensations I experienced. Dimly, and afar off, I heard Dick Munson's voice, speaking as though in terrible fear or from out an overpowering nightmare.

"At first the sounds came to me like a voice muffled by the walls of a close room, and conveyed to my mind no distinct form of words. But the tone was one of warning, and told me as plainly as words could have done that I was in deadly peril of some kind.

"After a time the voice ceased, and I heard, as plainly as I now hear the rumbling of wheels outside, the rapping of a private signal known only to Dick and myself, and used only in the bank when he desired to attract my attention to any face or suspicious circumstance in front of his window. This was repeated several times. Then I heard the voice again, clear and distinct this time, as though a door or window had been opened in the room from which it proceeded.

"There was no mistaking the words this time. I heard them over and over again, as one hears words in vivid dreams: 'Lock the bathroom-door! I can't get that slouching figure out of my mind!'

With the words came a feeling which I cannot describe, but which you have, doubtless, all experienced—a sensation of immediate personal danger coupled with a physical inability to control a muscle to meet it.

"The words and the private signal alternated many times, and then I heard a crash—such a crash as would follow the falling of a heavy window-sash.

"Absolute silence followed, and with the silence came a sense of physical depression, as though a current of electricity which had wrought my nerves to their utmost tension had suddenly been withdrawn.

"I awoke instantly. When I say I awoke, I mean that I awoke to a consciousness of the things immediately about me, for it is my belief that my mental condition previous to that time cannot be expressed or described by the word sleep.

"I heard the City Hall clock strike one, and tried to sleep again, but could not do so. I could think of nothing but the slouching figure I had seen early in the evening on the outer edge of the walk; I found it impossible to forget the mysterious words warning me to lock the bathroom-door!

"I should have got out of bed and made a tour of the bathroom and closet, only it occurred to me it would be a rather ridiculous thing to do.

Men who pride themselves on a practical turn of mind dislike to do ridiculous things, even when alone. Besides, notwithstanding the effect produced upon me by what I had heard, I regarded the matter as an unusually clear-cut dream, and was not in the least alarmed. The longer I lay awake the more thoroughly did I become convinced that the nervous suspicions of the paying-teller were alone responsible for my losing a good hour of sleep, and I resolved to make up for lost time as soon as possible by turning over for another nap.

"If I had not, as a preliminary step to the resolve so formed, raised myself in bed and made a great noise beating up and rearranging my pillows, perhaps the most trying portion of that night's experience would have been spared me. Be that as it may, the fact remains that before I had arranged my pillows to my liking my attention was diverted from my task by three rather startling objects.

"The first was a dark-lantern pouring its round red rays full in my face. The second was an unusually long and unnaturally bright self-cooking revolver located within six inches of my nose. The third was a particularly villainous face, with thick, black eyebrows running together above the nose, forming no arch to speak of, and producing the general effect of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead!

"Was I frightened? Yes; but I scarcely think my fright took the usual form. I knew in an instant, as well as I know now, that it was not my life,

nor the trifling amount of money he might find in my room, that the intruder wanted. I recognized his presence there as part of a well-laid plan to rob the bank. The intruder's first words confirmed my suspicions.

"Get up and dress yourself," he said, in a whisper. "We want you at the bank. If you value your life, be quick about it, and make no noise."

"The man's arguments were unanswerable, and I obeyed.

"You are to go with me to the bank," he said, holding his weapon close to my head as I dressed, and open the vault. The first movement you make to escape or call assistance will be your last. My mates are below. If I miss my aim, they will not. If we meet an officer at the bank, or on the way there, and you are questioned, you are to say that you want important papers left on your desk, and pass on. You will not be harmed. We want money, and not human life. Do you understand?"

"In a short time I was at the outer door of my sitting-room dressed for the street. Never for an instant, in all my journeys about the room to secure my clothes, had the threatening weapon been removed from the close position of my waking moment. Still, I had not abandoned all hope. Surely, between my rooms and the bank, some opportunity for escape would present itself. I had no intention of unlocking the vault. At the last moment I should have risked a few shots from the robbers' revolvers.

"My escort unlocked the sitting-room door and paused with his hand on the knob. At that instant a sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs, the key was quietly turned in the lock, and I felt for the first time the cold rim of a revolver on my temple. The steps passed my door, and the weapon was lowered. You all know what followed. Before the weapon could be raised again, the door fell in with a crash, and the robber, who stood directly in front of it, was clubbed to the floor and handcuffed by a squad of policemen led in by the paying-teller!

"Dick did not return to his own chambers that night. We spent the time until daylight over a basket of wine and some prime cigars in my sitting-room. At first he absolutely refused to explain his sudden appearance with the officers, for Dick is a hard-headed sort of fellow, who scorns everything that cannot be demonstrated by set rules and figures; but over the second bottle he fairly unbosomed himself, telling his story before I had even given a hint of my own mysterious experiences.

"I slept soundly until nearly one o'clock," he said, with the air of a man who expects to be laughed at, "and then I passed into a strange trance-like dream. In that dream I saw, as plainly as I ever saw it in my life, the interior of your bath-room, and seated at the foot of the tub, where the opening door would have concealed him from any one looking in, I saw the man we had last seen opposite the window where we dined. I recognized at once the slouching figure and the level line of eyebrows he then attempted to hide beneath the rim of his slouch hat.

"There was no light in the bathroom, or anywhere about your apartment, but I had no difficulty in tracing every line of his face, nor in seeing you sound asleep in your bed. My mind at once became filled with the one idea that you were in danger. In my sleep I called out to you to lock the bathroom-door, and warned you that I could not get the slouching figure we had seen on the edge of the walk out of my mind! I could not make you hear. In my alarm I even gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I have told you of speaking.

"I laughed at myself for a superstitious idiot, and went to sleep again, only to renew the experiences described—to see the slouching figure in the bathroom, and to repeat my cries of warning and the private signal. I awoke again, to find myself standing by my open window (I must have raised it in my sleep, for I closed it on retiring), sounding the private signal on the sash and repeating the warning words. How long I should have remained there I cannot say. My blows on the sash must have loosened the catch, for the window fell with a crash. In a moment I heard the City Hall clock strike one.

"I was now thoroughly awake, but I could not drive from my mind the impressions created by my singular dreams. Perhaps I should have gone to bed again only for the fact that the figure my dream had shown me in your apartment was the same I had warned you against on parting with you for the night. I resolved to dress myself and seek you in your rooms.

"I was ashamed to come to your door openly at that time of night, with no excuse to offer for my presence save such a one as any old woman would have laughed at, so I crept up-stairs like a spy and listened. I saw the flash of the dark-lantern at the threshold. I heard enough to satisfy me that something was wrong. So I went for the police.

"Don't bring me into ridiculous notoriety by repeating what I have told you. Draw your own conclusions, only be silent in public, and—pass the wine."

"I passed the wine," continued Charley, "but I have disregarded each of the other requests. I have failed to arrive at any conclusions whatever, and I could not remain silent.

"It may be that one mind, drawn strongly to another, may reach and influence that other mind through space, requiring for its purpose no more material conductor than the natural currents of electricity in the air. I can't say. I only know that I have failed to reason myself out of the idea that for the rest of my life I shall exist as a product of the mysterious; for the would-be robber confessed, before entering upon the long sentence which he received, that he would have murdered

me after the bank-vault had been plundered. In the language of the paying-teller, draw your own conclusions and—pass the wine."

SARATOGA IN WINTER.

A SUMMER resort in winter-time is usually a type of desolation, and a sermon on the shallowness of human gaiety. Saratoga, however, while a Summer resort *par excellence*, is by no means a dull place to visit or to live in at the present season, particularly if there be plenty of snow. Such is the case at the moment, as our illustration shows. The scene is on Broadway, in front of the great hotels. These latter are of course closed, but the resident population of the city is sufficiently large to keep business moving briskly, and to preserve society from torpor. Good sleighing brings out a fashionable throng worthy of the height of the Summer season. The drives beneath the overarching elms are charmingly picturesque, and the jingle of silver sleigh-bells sounds merrily on the frosty, moonlit evenings. Nobody cares for the springs now, save the proprietors, who have an opportunity for unlimited bottling. Mineral water does not possess, like certain spirituous beverages, the virtue of warming in Winter and cooling in Summer; and it would be an ironical hospitality indeed that should say to a guest arriving in the teeth of a blizzard, "Come, have a glass of Hathorn fresh from the spring!"

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

Our portrait of the beautiful and unfortunate plaintiff in the great divorce case which has scandalized England and America is an engraving from the well-known "Harmony in Ivory and White," painted by J. McNeill Whistler. Gertrude Elizabeth, Lady Colin Campbell, is the youngest daughter of Edmund Monganlin Blood, of Birkhill, Clare, and was married in July, 1881. She is about twenty-six years of age, is intelligent and accomplished, and possesses that brilliant beauty for which the women of her family have long been famed.

THE SITUATION IN BULGARIA.

Diplomatic relations between Russia and Bulgaria ceased in November last; and in the latter part of that month General Kaulbars left Sofia with the whole staff of the Russian Agency. A few faithful Russophiles and Zankoffites saw him off, in the midst of a dreary storm of snow and sleet, and an English correspondent compares the event to a "fourth-rate funeral." The Russian flag was solemnly hauled down from the Consulate, whereupon the Russian Envoy declared, "All is over. Bulgaria has nothing more to expect from Russia." Since that time the independence of Bulgaria's attitude with regard to Russia has been indeed complete. Even the Russian words of command hitherto used in the Bulgarian Army have been translated by a special military commission. The traveling Bulgarian delegates have arrived in London, and last week had an unofficial interview with Lord Iddesleigh. They informed him that Prince Bismarck advised them to accept Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia, but that they refused to do so. Lord Iddesleigh assured the delegates that Englishmen sympathized with the Bulgarians, but he refrained from giving a definite opinion on any point. Apprehensions are felt in Vienna that the Bulgarian deputation and Prince Alexander will endeavor to arrange for the return of the Prince to Bulgaria. Austrian officials consider that such a movement would tend greatly to aggravate the situation of affairs, and would render Russian occupation of Bulgaria inevitable.

A WONDERFUL SPORTSMAN.

Horatio Ross, of Rossie Lodge, Inverness, Scotland, died on December 6th, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was known as "the King of Sportsmen." He was born in 1801, educated at the Edinburgh University, and entered the Fourteenth Light Dragoons in 1820; but he soon became famous in the hunting-field among the hardest riders of Melton Mowbray, and was the winner of the first recorded steeplechase, riding Clinker against Captain Douglas on Radical. He was also in those days distinguished as an athlete and a yachtsman. As showing his powers of endurance, although he had scarcely attained manhood, it is stated that, while acting as umpire to the late Lord Kennedy, Sir Andrew Leith Hay and others, at a walking-match from the River Dee to Inverness, a distance of ninety-seven miles, he was the only one who reached the goal unassisted, and he accomplished the journey without halt or rest. It was as a "shot," however, that Horatio Ross first attracted universal attention. His skill with the fowling-piece, rifle or pistol has rarely or never been excelled. At the rifle range he was equally successful. He won numerous prizes, among them being the Wimbledon Cup, the Association Cup, the Duke of Cambridge Cup (in 1867). Four years before—in the year 1863—the gallant sportsman, with three of his sons, who seemed to have inherited much of their father's skill, formed four of the Scottish eight at Wimbledon. As a deer-stalker he had no equal. He was the first sportsman in the Highland hills in the year 1814, and he was the very last in the year 1884; and during this long period of seventy years he never missed a season. His name is also associated with Indian sports. In the old days of dueling Mr. Ross acted as second sixteen times, yet he never saw a duel fought, for he always succeeded by tact and good temper to bring about a reconciliation between the parties. In the year 1831 he successfully contested the Aberdeen, Montrose, and Arbroath Burghs, and during two Parliaments through which he sat he took a prominent part in the debates, particularly on various subjects connected with game and agriculture.

MERLATTI'S FAST.

Signor Merlatti, a young Italian, completed his fifty-days' fast at the Grand Hôtel, Paris, in time to enjoy the festivities of the holidays. Unlike his rival, Succi, he partook of no mysterious elixir, but existed on water alone. At the conclusion of his fast, he was so nearly dead that the surgeons were anticipating by way of dissection more light on the effects of privation from food. He was barely able to move about without help. His stomach was unable to hold any solids, and at the big banquet over which he presided he could not have had a very convivial time, as he was unable to take a mouthful of food. He has since gradually recovered. Succi, meanwhile, is engaged in another fast. He fences and takes any amount of exercise, to show that his mysterious liquid is

what does it. It evidently disgusts him that Meratti should have beaten his record on pure pluck.

LIFEBOAT DISASTER OFF THE LANCASHIRE COAST.

We give an illustration of the lifeboat disaster off the Lancashire coast in the great storm of December 9th, when three boats, one each from Lytham, St. Anne's and Southport, went to the rescue of the bark *Mexico*. The Lytham craft reached the wreck, succeeded with great difficulty in taking off the crew of twelve persons, and brought them safely to land. The other lifeboats were not so fortunate. The *Eliza Fernley*, from Southport, with sixteen men on board, succeeded in getting within thirty yards of the stranded vessel, when a tremendous sea caught her right amidships, and she went over. She did not right herself, but remained bottom upwards. All the crew were lost, either by being suffocated under the boat or washed away outside, except three, who clung to the capsized boat till she drifted ashore. The St. Anne's boat, the *Laura Jane*, met with similar fate. In this case there were no survivors, Coxswain Johnson and his twelve comrades being all lost.

DR. JUNKER AND EMIN BEY.

The letters lately received in Europe from Emin Bey, the Austrian scientist and Governor of the besieged Egyptian province in Equatorial Africa, were forwarded by his former companion, the now famous Dr. William Junker; and the latter's dispatches from Zanzibar have thrown additional light upon Emin's critical position, and the question of his rescue. Dr. Junker comes of Russo-German parentage, and was born in Moscow in 1840. He was educated in St. Petersburg and Göttingen, and studied medicine in the latter place, as well as at Berlin and Prague. He began his African travels about ten years ago, exploring portions of Tunis and Upper Egypt. Six years ago he went into the heart of Africa, at his own expense, to complete the exploration of the country lying in the basins of the Bahr el Ghazal and Wells Makua rivers, of which his friend Schweinfurth had given the world its first knowledge. From the depths of that mysterious region Dr. Junker has but just emerged; and his account of the results of his geographical, botanical and ethnological studies in that new field will, when published, be one of the most interesting contributions of late years to our knowledge of the Dark Continent. Dr. Junker is now on his way from Zanzibar to London, via Cairo. He cannot arrive in England before the latter part of this month. Stanley, heading the English expedition for the rescue of Emin Bey, left England for Zanzibar last week—warned, perhaps, by the fatal consequences of delay in the case of the Nile expedition that should have rescued Gordon. It is not impossible that the American explorer may meet Dr. Junker on the route, and thus obtain from him the valuable information for which he was unable to wait in London.

GENERAL LOGAN'S HOME, FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

THERE are few Americans whose death would be so widely and sincerely mourned, whose loss would be a personal affliction to so many warm friends, as that of the late General John Alexander Logan. His public career, like his private life, was without a stain. He was a warm-hearted friend, and a true type of Western manhood. As a soldier he had won that ardent loyalty and love which are the prerogatives of a brave leader on the field of battle. To his family, his loss is a calamity unspeakable, and his place in the nation's service will be hard to fill.

The deathbed scene at Calumet Place, on Sunday afternoon, the 26th ult., was extremely affecting. Among the large group of intimate friends around the bed of the dying soldier was the grim and sturdy General Sheridan, who afterwards said: "I had known General Logan for twenty-five years, and held the highest appreciation of him as a soldier, as a statesman and as a man. I went out to his house to-day and saw him die, and it was one of the saddest experiences I have ever had. The scene at his deathbed to-day was particularly distressing to me. Of course, I have seen thousands of men killed in battle, but it never had the same effect on me as to stand quietly by a bedside and see a strong man's life ebb away."

For hours before the General's death, Mrs. Logan sat upon the side of the bed bathing his head, striking his hands and moistening his lips. About eleven o'clock the doctors informed her that it was only a question of a little time, and from that moment till his last breath she did not let his hand slip from her grasp, but kept talking to him continually. When the General breathed his last, the doctors cleared the room of all but the immediate family, who were left alone a moment with the dead. The son and daughter were both present. The latter is married to Major Tucker, an officer in the Army, and John A. Logan, Jr., the only other living child, is in the real estate business in Washington.

During their whole married life of thirty-one years, Mrs. Logan had been her husband's inspiration and guiding star. She quickened his intellect, smoothed his often brusque address, encouraged him in disappointment and rejoiced with him in success. In his political contests she bore no insignificant part. She even accompanied the General in his State canvasses, and it is known in Illinois that on more than one occasion she suggested the policy upon which victory was made to turn.

Mrs. Logan's attributes are high courage, strong will, keen perceptive powers, and restless ambition. With all her brilliant social qualifications, however, she did not aim at display in Washington. For years after Senator Logan's election, the couple lived economically in a private boarding-house. It was only recently that Calumet Place was purchased, and furnished tastefully, though cheaply, many of the ornaments being the handiwork of either the Senator or his wife. He had a room fitted up as a carpenter-shop, where he was fond of working during the intervals of his legislative duties. The chief memorial of General Logan's literary activity, after his published speeches, is his historical work dealing with the late Civil War and its causes, published about a year ago, entitled "The Great Conspiracy." He is said to have left a volume of memoirs in condition for publication. The last book General Logan read was the biography of General R. E. Lee.

General Logan died a poorer man than his friends had supposed him, though every one knew that he was far from being wealthy. He was never successful in business enterprises, and had always lived on his salary, having been almost continually, since the age of twenty-two, in some office to which he had been elected by the people. His honesty was proverbial, and the lobbyists left him alone. He leaves no property worth speaking of. His residence in Chicago is mortgaged for its

full value, and the little property he has in Southern Illinois, and on which he sunk some money in prospecting for coal, is comparatively worthless. As to Calumet Place, his new Washington residence, he had recently bought it of a syndicate interested in suburban property, who gave him a price much less than it was worth, as they knew that his residence there would attract people to the neighborhood. He gave his notes for \$15,000, payable in five annual installments, and borrowed \$1,000 from Don Cameron to make the cash payment. The house is worth fully \$20,000, and perhaps more.

In view of these facts a plan of raising a fund of \$200,000 for Mrs. Logan was started last week, and promptly assumed definite shape. In less than five hours from the time the subscription was opened it amounted to \$10,000. Captain George E. Lemon, an intimate friend of the family, has charge of the collection, and ex-Postmaster-general Creswell, President of the Citizen's National Bank, will act as treasurer. A great many subscriptions have been received by telegraph for \$1,000 each, and at this writing a total of \$28,000 has been secured, not including \$10,000 raised in Chicago. The proposition to grant Mrs. Logan a liberal pension seems to meet with general favor among Congressmen, irrespective of party. From present indications it seems there will be no difficulty in passing a Bill through the House. That it will pass the Senate goes without question. The pension, it is thought, should be \$5,000 a year. This is the sum granted to widows of Presidents, and though General Logan did not occupy an office as exalted as that, he was the recognized head representative of the volunteer soldiers.

General Logan's remains were conveyed from the family residence to the rotunda of the Capitol on Thursday morning, escorted by the Grand Army posts of Washington. There the body lay in state, under a guard of honor, until the following day, when the funeral services took place in the Senate Chamber, Senator Sherman presiding. The services were conducted by the Rev. John P. Newman, the Rev. Dr. Butler, chaplain of the Senate, and the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany. The large military, Masonic and civic procession to the Rock Hill Cemetery, the place of temporary interment, was marshaled by General Sheridan. The place of final sepulture, for which Chicago makes a strong claim, has not yet been determined upon.

A MIDWINTER EXPLORATION OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE New York *World* has organized a Snow Shoe Expedition, under the leadership of Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, of Arctic fame, for the midwinter exploration of the Yellowstone National Park. The expedition, consisting of Lieutenant Schwatka, a scientist, an artist a photographer, and several Crow Indians as guides, proposes to enter the Park via Cinnabar early in January. The route will include all the important geyser basins, the hot springs, the Tower Falls and the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. The party will be as thoroughly equipped as an Arctic expedition, and will doubtless be able to push the work of exploration regardless of the rigors of the season. The most remarkable features of the region will be carefully studied, photographed, sketched and described. It is hoped to supplement in an important way the Government's investigations, and to add materially to the scientific data touching the natural wonders.

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.

The *Missouri Republican* says: "In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest-producing farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and 25 miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists. Their general manager, J. B. Watkins, gives an interesting account of this gigantic plantation, which throws the great Dalrymple farm in Dakota into the shade completely. 'The million and a half acres of our tract,' Mr. Watkins said, 'was purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government. At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood. When I took possession I found over 30,000 head of half-wild horses and cattle. My work was to divide the immense tract into convenient pastures, establishing stations or ranches every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The land I found to be best adapted to rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All our cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam-power. We take a tract, say half a mile wide, for instance, and place an engine on each side. These engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows, and under this arrangement we are able to plow thirty acres a day with only the labor of three men. Our harrowing, planting and other cultivation is done in a like manner. In fact, there is not a single draught-horse on the entire place. We have, of course, horses for the herders of cattle, of which we now have 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs for thirty-six miles through our farm. We have three steamboats operating on the waters of our own estate, upon which there are 300 miles of navigable waters. We have an icehouse, a bank, a shipyard and a rice-mill.'

THE KEYS OF THE BASTILLE.

TWO massive towers connected by an arched gateway—Porte St. Antoine—originally comprised the Bastile, but in 1369 Hugues Aubriot, Provost of Paris, built thereto six additional towers with bastions. For over four centuries the Bastile was the most renowned state prison in Europe, notorious for the cruelty and callousness of its governors and officials. On July 14th, 1789, the people of Paris attacked the place and compelled the garrison to surrender. Among the mob was a man by the name of Carwin Lechastel. He was one of the first who entered the courtyard of the Bastile when the drawbridge fell, and secured the keys from one of the fleeing jailers. These he stuck on the end of his pike and carried through the streets (see Carlyle's "French Revolution," Vol. I., and Dumas's "Taking the Bastile"). Those who took part in this event were considered heroes by the Parisians at that time, and Lechastel kept the keys in his possession as a great trophy of the Revolution, and they remained in his family until 1859, when a descendant emigrated to America, taking the old keys with him. Soon after he found himself in very reduced circumstances in St. Louis, where he sold the keys to Mr. John Hamilton, Morgan Street, who allowed them to be on exhibition at various times during the last twenty-five years. Certain newspapers had accounts of the history of these relics of the past, and it was from

one of these that Mr. H. S. Howell, of Galt, Ont., obtained a clew as to their whereabouts in 1879. After unsuccessful endeavors to communicate with the owner of the keys, Mr. Howell went to St. Louis in September, 1886, and at last found him, and eventually arranged to purchase the keys of the old Bastile, and carried them home with him to Canada. The largest is twelve inches long, is very heavy, and looks rusty and old enough to have been used by Hugues Aubriot. The smallest is of very fine workmanship; the socket is shaped like the ace of clubs, and it is supposed to have belonged to the treasure-room. This and another key is six inches long, and the other two are about ten inches in length and much heavier.

THE SILK INDUSTRY IN INDIA.

THE decline of the Indian silk industry is a subject which has lately attracted some attention. Various causes have been assigned, such as rack-renting by the Zemindars, while the existence of any specific disease among the silkworms has been strenuously denied. The question seems at last to have been settled by the investigations of a skilled entomologist, Mr. Wood Mason, Curator of the Indian Museum, who, on examining a large number of living cocoons, received from various parts of the country, found over 60 per cent. so diseased that no moths emerged, while such moths as emerged were nearly all sickly and crippled, and only 6 per cent. lived to couple and lay eggs. A further examination showed that the cells of the silk glands, and all other tissues, including even the blood, were in the last stage of disease, and literally crammed with minute corpuscles, identical with those which have been demonstrated to be the cause of the fibrine disease which, in an epidemic form, from 1849 to 1865 ravaged the silk-worm nurseries of France, and reduced them to a state of ruin, but which, thanks to M. Pasteur, is now practically eradicated from Europe.

THE PASTEUR INSTITUTE.

M. PASTEUR, exhausted by the incessant labors of the last few years, has, by the advice of his family and friends, left for Bordighera, Italy, where M. Bischoffsheim has placed his villa at his disposal. The subscriptions for the Pasteur Institute have now nearly reached 1,800,000 francs, but contributions still flow in, though rather more slowly, and M. Pasteur has reason to hope that the sum required will be eventually obtained. The Paris Municipality has given a gratuitous lease for ninety-nine years of 2,500 meters of ground, the site of the old Collège Rollin. This area being insufficient for the laboratories, not merely for rabies, but for other contagious maladies, he has asked for a lease for ninety-nine years of 2,500 meters adjoining. A subscription is being raised among the brewers in England.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

NEARLY 40,000 doctors have been graduated from the various medical colleges during the last ten years.

GERMANY has 23,000 miles of underground telegraph wires, and France 7,200, all in successful operation.

A MINE of beryls is a new find in Connecticut. The beryls already taken out include the variety known as golden beryls, and rank as precious stones only two places lower than diamonds. There are also other brilliant colors found in this mine.

THERE are 172 specimens of blind creatures known to science, including crayfish, myriapods, etc. They are mostly white, whether from lack of stimulus of the light, or from bleaching out of the skin. Some species have small eyes and some have none.

THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE now in use anywhere near Chicago is No. 60, on the Illinois Central. It has been in use thirty-three years, and it is estimated that in that time it has traveled 1,650,000 miles, or equal to sixty-six times around the globe. The average life of a locomotive is ten or twelve years.

A PRETTY and novel idea for fairs and receptions is called "Literary Salad." Tissue-paper of several shades of green is cut to imitate lettuce-leaves, and a small scrap of paper is secured to the bottom of each leaf, on which is written a quotation—the author not given; that is to be guessed. The bowl, well filled with these crisp, fresh leaves, looks good enough to eat.

ON THE Transcasian Railroad, in Russia, it is claimed that a saving of \$800 per mile is effected by the use of mineral wax, or ozokerite, for ties. When purified, melted and mixed with limestone and gravel, the ozokerite, which is abundant in the vicinity of the railroad, produces a very good asphalt. This is pressed into shape in boxes, and gives ties which retain their form and hardness even in the hottest weather.

"I HAVE put your name in my will, and you will get \$10,000 when I die." This, according to the New York *Times*, was the Christmas surprise that a Wall Street man gave his confidential clerk. And he added this: "Now, I'm in pretty good health, and don't intend to die very soon, so I will help you out in the meantime by paying you six per cent. interest on the amount. Here's a check for \$600 to pay the first year's interest."

A FEW months ago, while some men were prospecting for gold in the western part of Calaveras County, Cal., large quantities of earth of all colors and shades were discovered. The substance rested in layers, and upon further investigation it was found that it extended over about twenty acres of the mountain on the side of which it was found. The substance was found to be various varieties of ochres. The find was a veritable mountain of paint, containing all the primary colors with their various shades.

IN the annual review of the industrial progress of the South, the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* says that in 1886 more has been accomplished for the prosperity and progress of the whole South than ever before in any year. This is shown in the enormous investments of capital in industrial enterprises and in the growth of confidence among Northern and European investors in the stability of the South's iron and other manufacturing interests. The amount of capital, including capital stock of incorporated companies, represented by the new manufacturing and mining enterprises organized or chartered in the South, including the enlargement of old plants and rebuilding of mills, aggregates \$129,226,000, against \$66,812,000 in 1885. Another authority states that the iron production of the South was greater, last year, by 565,200 tons than 1885.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT is estimated that California has 9,600,000 bushels of wheat available for export.

THE deposits in the Massachusetts savings banks now reach the very large amount of \$291,197,900.

It is estimated that the Florida orange crop this year will reach 750,000 boxes of 128 to 250 oranges each.

ANOTHER movement is on foot to secure the opening of the public museums in New York on Sunday.

IT is said that the Russian reserves have been called out. Marked movements of troops have been noticed in Bessarabia.

DURING the fishing season just ended, twenty-seven vessels from Gloucester, Mass., were lost, carrying 136 men to watery graves.

THE Comte de Paris and the Duc d'Aumale will pay a visit, shortly, to the Pope. Although their journey to Rome will be of a purely private character, gossip interprets it as having a political significance.

A NAVAL review on a great scale is to be one of the most striking features in the British jubilee celebrations of this year. Not the least noteworthy ship to be shown may be the warlike *raft* of the Tagus disaster.

THE total valuation of Massachusetts for the present year is \$1,847,531,422, a gain over last year of \$65,182,279. The total is made up of \$507,037,749 personal, and \$1,340,493,673 real property. The total valuation of Boston is stated at \$710,621,335.

THE advantages of cheap fares, not only to the public but to the transit companies, is fully shown by the experience of the elevated railroads in New York. Before the reduction of fares to five cents the daily receipts were about \$15,000, but since the reduction they have gone up to \$25,000 and even higher.

BATTALIONS of schoolboys are forming in France. A number of mayors of arrondissements are enlisting youths from sixteen to twenty years of age, forming companies equivalent to the regular militia. They are armed with chassepots. One corps already has 500 members. They take their rifles home with them, instead of depositing them in the arsenal after drilling.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, President of the New York Central Railroad, recently issued an order to passenger brakemen, directing them to "step inside the car-door and call out the name of the station in a clear, distinct tenor voice." A few days later he received the following note: "Dear Sir—What kind of a tenor voice do you expect to hire for \$40 a month? Yours truly, Jim."

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Sioux City, Ia., has bought for \$20,000 the best site in the town, on which it is proposed to erect a building in memory of the late Rev. George C. Haddock, who was murdered at the instigation of some saloon-keepers. The sum of \$500,000 will be needed for the purpose, and it is believed that it can be secured with comparative ease.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the formation of the "Improved Knights of Labor" outside of the Order as it now exists, and on the lines that were originally laid down for the Knights. A recent letter of Mr. Powderly denouncing the Socialists is bitterly condemned by members of the Socialist organizations in Chicago and elsewhere. They even charge that he has been a member of the Socialist party.

CONSIDERABLE alarm is felt in some parts of Pennsylvania over the diminished flow of natural gas. In some districts the flow has entirely stopped, and the factories which depended upon it are greatly embarrassed. The problem of continued supply is one of especial seriousness to Pittsburg and Alleghany, in both of which cities it touches the welfare of every manufacturing establishment and the convenience of nearly every home.

THE Watch-dog Battalion of the Prussian Army is being very carefully trained for service. The dogs are intended primarily to convey intelligence from the advance-posts to the main body of the regiment, and are taught to trot to and fro, carrying a tiny portfolio of dispatches round their necks. They are also to warn the outposts of an advance of an enemy during the night, and are trained to hunt up the wounded, or those who have lost their way. Two dogs are attached to each company of Chasseurs.

IT is estimated that there are 6,000,000 barrels of beer consumed annually in New York city. The brewers receive \$8 a barrel for this beer, less a discount to the dealers ranging from 10 to 20 per cent. Supposing all to receive the highest discount, which would allow for an occasional bad debt, the wholesale cost to the dealers would aggregate \$38,400,000. As every one of these retailers expects in retailing his keg of beer to double his money, it will be seen that the beer-drinkers of New York pay \$76,800,000 annually for this single article of refreshment.

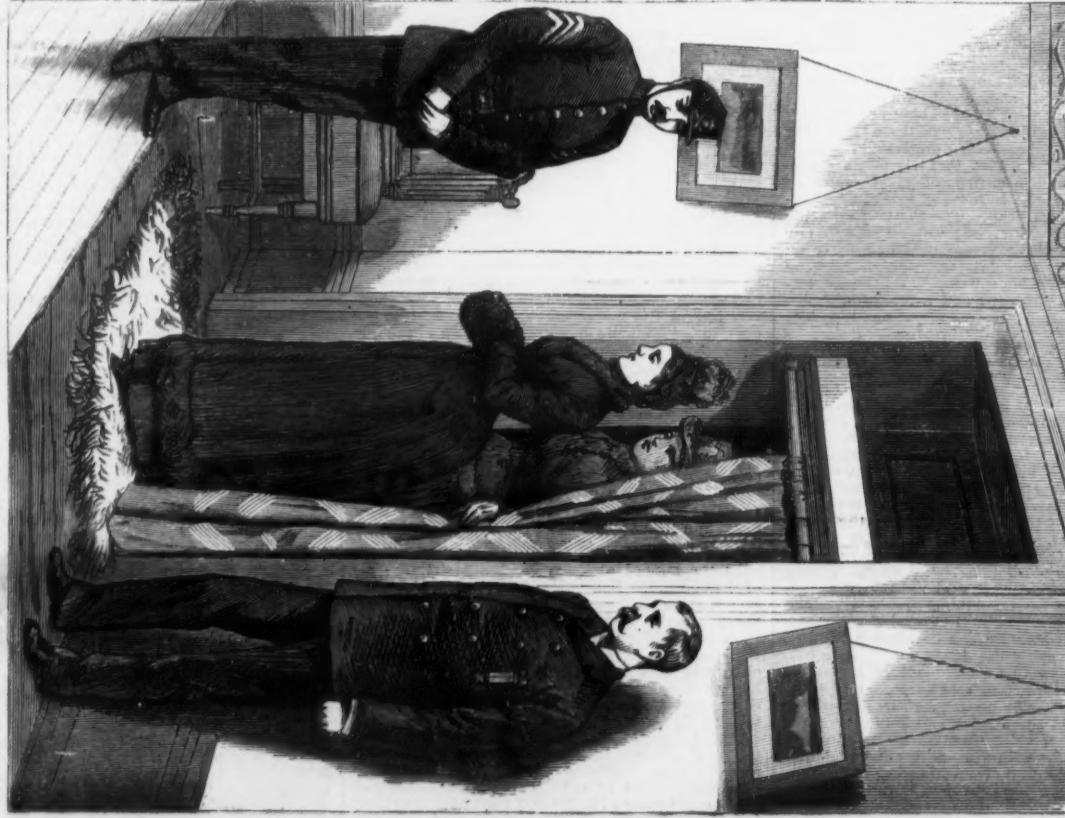
THE Pinkerton detectives have captured and fastened the evidence upon five men who were concerned in the robbery of the Adams Express car on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad on the night of October 25th, thirty-six miles from St. Louis. The most important clew was obtained through the "Jim Cummings" letters to a St. Louis paper, which were written by Fred Witrock, who, with a man named Weaver, both engaged in business in Chicago, were the principals in the affair. The instigator of the crime was a man named Haight. A portion of the \$60,000 stolen has been recovered. The Express Messenger Fotheringham is still in prison, on suspicion of complicity in the crime



THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE.

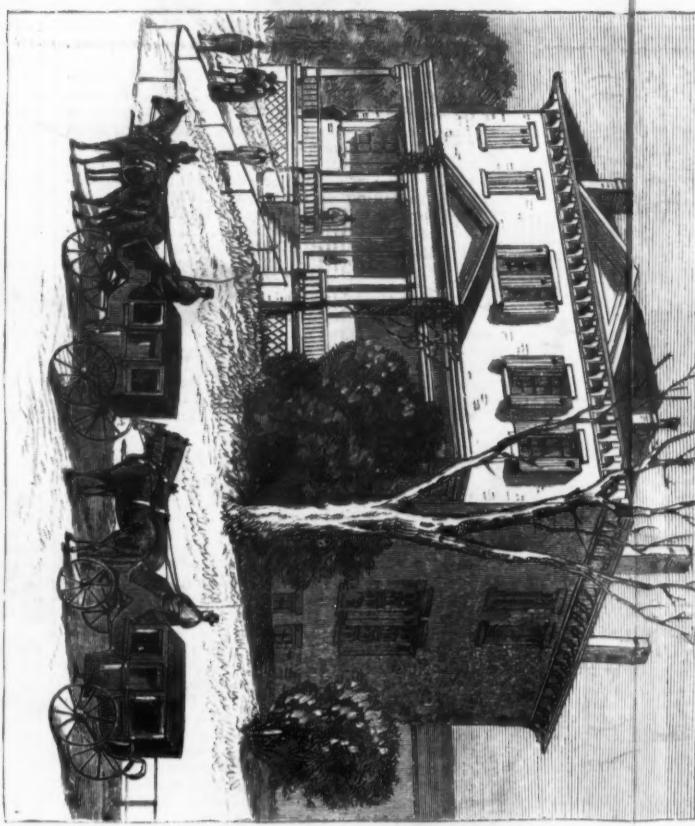
THE DEATH OF GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM AND PHOTOS BY DELL.—SEE PAGE 339.



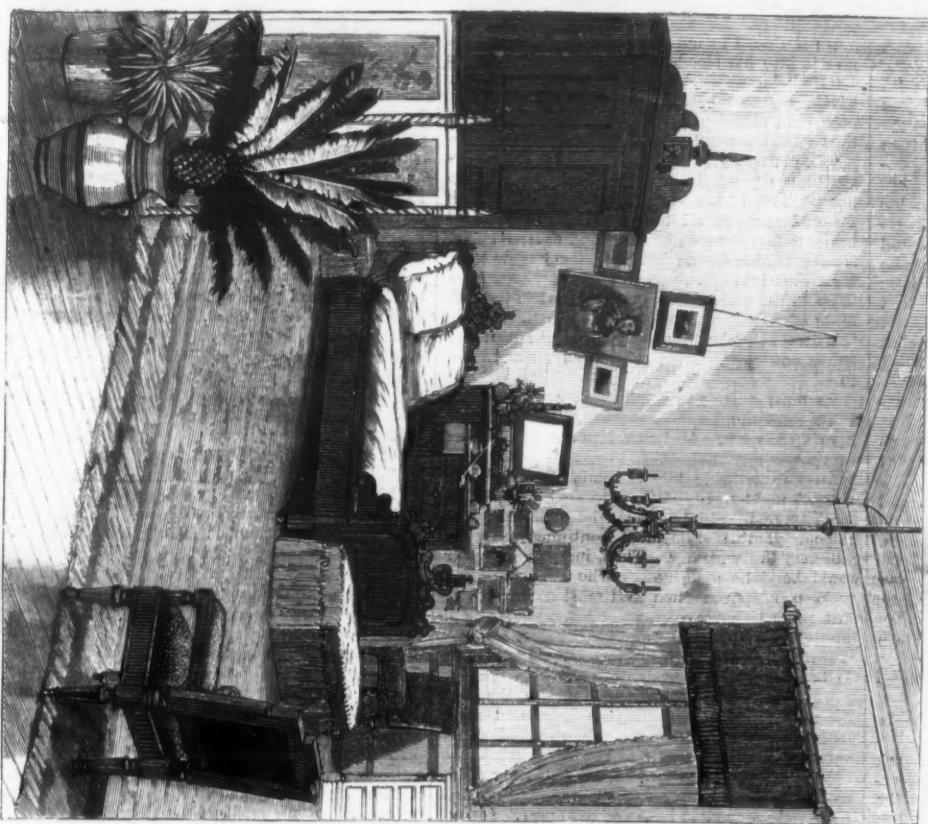
THE GUARD OF HONOR AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DEATH-CHAMBER.

EXTERIOR OF GENERAL LOGAN'S RESIDENCE, ON CALUMET PLACE, WASHINGTON.



COMPANIES—GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN AT THE DEATHBED OF SENATOR LOGAN.



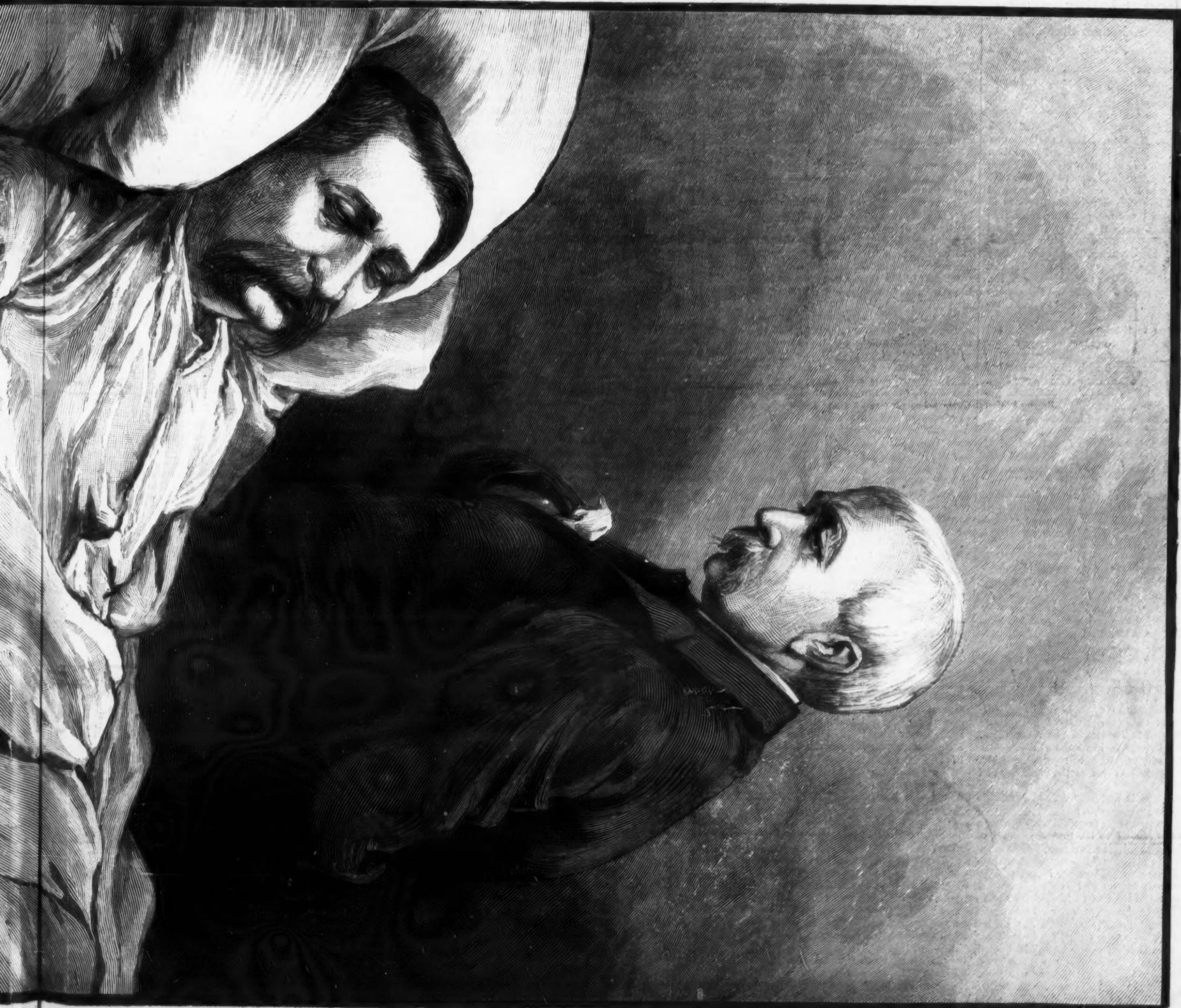


ROOM IN WHICH GENERAL LOGAN DIED.



JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

MRS. TUCKER, DAUGHTER OF GEN. LOGAN.



DECEMBER.

THE clouds are scudding across the sky,
No gold in their wake revealing;
The snowflakes thick in the hollows lie,
The dead brown leaves concealing.
The Oak-tree mourns, in sullen mood,
For the days he can still remember:
Loud caws the crow in the wintry wood,
And the North Wind sighs, "December!"

When the gentian opened her eyes of blue,
Sweet Spring on the hills was showing,
The wood-dove sang with tender coo,
And the billowy fields were blowing.
The fiery hue of the Indian pink
Burned red as a glowing ember;
But the Spring slipped away from us link by link,
And the North Wind sighs, "December!"

It is long since the marigold bent her head,
Cajoled by the sun's caresses;
It is long since the rose dropped her petals red
And the sunflower her yellow tresses.
They went to sleep in the Summer's lap
Ere the closing of frail September:
Now the snowflakes whirl and the oak-boughs snap,
And the North Wind sighs, "December!"

The milkweed waved her scarlet plume
To herald the Autumn weather;
The asters shook out their purple bloom
And nodded their heads together.
But the carnival month of the year is dead
The royal and proud November;
The brown leaves cover his lowly bed,
And the North Wind sighs, "December!"

But the Spring will put old Winter to rout,
The robin will sing us a ronic,
The gold-dusty pollen be scattered about,
And powder the bumble-bee's tunic.
The fern will open her fronds of green,
And we shall not long remember
How the frost-flowers bloomed on the window's sheen,
When the North Winds sighed, "December!"

HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

A Million-Dollar Stake.

BY REBECCA FORBES STURGIS,

Author of "A Miserable Mistake," "His Enemy's Daughter," "Adam Talmage's Wife," "A Husband of the Period," etc.

CHAPTER III.

ONE, two, three, the days passed by slowly. Were they on leaden wings? Never before had Dr. Lippincott been dissatisfied with the flight of time. He did not dare to call at once on his patient, and yet his very blood seemed on fire. He imagined all sorts of evils befalling her; his nights were filled with dreams of trouble. He tried to argue that it was only professional zeal that inspired him; that a valuable life was at stake, and he could not rest; but his clear, true mind rejected that idea. He had treated critical cases before, but not with such personal discomfort. If he called too quickly, he was afraid they might suspect some collusion, and put the girl under the care of some other medical adviser. No, he must be wary, come what might. But on the third day he decided to make a short call, believing it would then be expected.

When he came to the house he was informed that Miss Marsden was out. He then inquired for Mr. Ingraham, with the same result.

He returned home, vexed with his poor success. An hour later Cousin Bess made a call upon him. "You did not come to see us Sunday," she observed. "Why, William, whatever ails you! You look as if you had lost the last friend in the world!"

"How fast you talk, Cousin Bess!" he cried, interrupting her. "You give me no time to respond. You know my time is not my own, and I work hard. I am tired."

"I do not doubt it," she responded, drily. "You look tired. Your professional zeal will wear you out."

He flushed to his temples. Was she sarcastic? No; poor Cousin Bess meant what she said—she was anxious about him.

"I do wish you would take a rest; go away from home; go somewhere, anywhere, to get away from here," she urged.

"Impossible, my dear cousin! To follow your advice would soon put an end to my practice."

"What ailed your beautiful patient?" she ventured to ask.

That question had been burning on her tongue and in her heart ever since she had met Miss Marsden at his office. That question had brought her there to-day.

"To which beautiful patient do you have reference?" he inquired, evasively. "I have many beautiful patients! The world is full of them. All ladies are beautiful—to some one!"

"You know who I mean," she retorted, quickly. "That lovely girl who came in the other day as I was going out."

"Oh, yes. She is seriously ill. Her friends think she will never recover."

Poor Bess drew her breath quickly. Oh, what a wretch she felt herself to be, that the sound of another's doom could give her relief!

"I wish I was not glad," she muttered to herself. "I—I was so afraid of her!"

If she had only known all!

He had turned to the fire as he spoke, and she did not see that he flushed over her question.

"What do you think?" she quizzed. "I think more of your opinion than theirs."

"While there is life there is hope," he quoted, sententiously.

Cousin Bess said no more. There was something in his manner that did not invite further conversation, and she drew her call to a close.

Later that afternoon he met the Ingraham carriage on an uptown street. There was no one within but Madeline. She signaled him to stop,

and then spoke to her coachman. Dr. Lippincott obeyed her summons, and leaving his carriage, came to the door to speak to her.

"You are looking better," he observed. "I ventured to call this morning, but found you out."

"Yes; I am better already," she said, and then lowering her voice, whispered: "I overheard another conversation last night. Mr. Putney does not know how my stepfather accomplishes his crime. He has no knowledge of that plant. He vowed I should not be sacrificed—that he would win me. My stepfather said he did not believe he could do it, and then vowed he gave me nothing; that I was in a decline. Putney laughed; told him he was not blind, that he had got the poison from Felicia, and he would inquire of Felicia what it was. Now, who is Felicia? I am bewildered—I am afraid!"

"And I am so powerless to help you!" he exclaimed. "Dare we brave them?"

"No—no!" she ejaculated. "I will endure to the end. Go now, please. I am afraid even of the coachman."

He withdrew his head from the carriage, and spoke in ordinary tones.

"I am at your service any time, Miss Marsden. I think you have improved. If you wish for me, send; or if, when your medicine is finished, and you are not completely restored, you ride near my office, call in."

He lifted his hat, and then stepped quickly into his own vehicle.

Each interview but strengthened his infatuation! And now to know that her danger was still increasing. Was there no way that he could save her?

"Would she marry me? Would I dare to ask her?" came into his mind like a flash of inspiration. Would that not be an easy way to solve the difficulty?

He tried to banish the thought, but each time it returned the thing seemed more feasible. Surely it would be doing her no wrong to propose it. If she did not, could not care for him, he would free her as soon as her danger was over. So he proposed to himself, trying to avoid thinking of the wrench that her refusal would give him.

Days passed before he saw his patient again. He did not like to call; he was uneasy for fear some new danger had beset her. It was with difficulty he attended to his ordinary round of duty.

"I shall be glad when the 6th of January has passed," he muttered, dissatisfied with himself. "I never believed anything could so wear on my nerves!"

He was ashamed and annoyed. He tried to argue with himself that such interest as he felt now was unbecoming a physician, but all argument was wasted.

It was probably a week later when he was told by his assistant, when he came in, that a lady awaited him in his office. He entered, and his face shone with the pleasure he felt. There in the chair where her wonderful beauty had first dwelt upon him sat his patient.

"I am pleased to see you!" he exclaimed. "I have been very uneasy, but dared not call. How are you?"

His eye was eagerly scanning her face as he spoke, and he saw only too plainly that the anxiety and alarm were wearing upon her.

"I am not well," she said, quietly, like person who is repressing much. "I have never been tried before. This trial seems almost too much, sometimes, for me to endure! I have to feign illness; I have to meet their looks with apparent carelessness, and answer their questions as if I believed real solicitude prompted them. And then to remain beside him, knowing that my mother's and my only brother's blood is on his hands, fills me with horror!"

Her voice was warming with passion as she spoke. The listlessness had died away.

"I may as well confess all," she continued. "I loved my stepfather with a love as true as that often given to a father. It hurts me to know he never loved us—never, never!"

For a moment Dr. Lippincott was silent. He felt that he ought to soothe her, but how? His heart was bursting within him. She misinterpreted his silence.

"Forgive me for troubling you," she said, suddenly. "I forgot that you are but a stranger; and, oh, I am so absolutely alone!"

"Do not!" he responded, eagerly. "Do not apologize to me! Believe me, it was not coldness, it was not lack of sympathy, that tied my tongue. I only remembered you are a stranger, an heiress, and I your physician. I dared not speak! My sympathy was so strong, that cold words would give it no expression. Pour out your grief, unburden your heart! It is all hard to bear, and if I could give you instant relief, I would give my life!"

She looked up quickly. His voice expressed even more than his words. A burning flush swept over her face, and then, receding, left her deathly pale.

"I have thought of your case by day and night," he continued. "Is there any way I can assist you now? Would it not be safe for you to disappear and remain hidden until you become of age? I might get you hidden by kind friends."

"No, no!" she cried, quickly. "I dare not resort to that. It would be taken as a proof of insanity. My simple word would never satisfy any jury on earth that I was in danger. He has appeared to love us too well—oh, I believed he did—he did!"

"Then we must abandon that hope," he said, slowly. He colored violently. "There is another proposition to be considered—why do you not marry? Would that not secure your rights?"

She looked up quickly, smiled faintly, but no corresponding flush suffused her brow.

"My dear mother wished to save me from for-

tune-hunters. I cannot marry without his consent; if I do, I forfeit all. I would not do that—give it into his blood-stained, greedy hands!"

"No," he responded, slowly. "I would not advise you to take that step unless you loved a poor man sufficiently to give up your wealth and thus secure peace."

"I will never give up my rights without a struggle," she replied, in a determined tone. "It is not the love of the wealth alone. Heaven knows I would sacrifice all to be happy and light of heart, to forget once more the load of horror that is weighing me down; but the money came from my father, it is mine, and I would now rather see it go to the veriest beggar on earth than to those birds of prey."

With that declaration she buried her face in her hands and wept. Then she looked up and tried to smile.

"I must make you think I am a madwoman. I talk so strong, I appear so weak. But it is only here I am weak. At home I never let my fears overpower me."

An indescribable tide of tenderness and pity showed itself in his face.

"I am distressed," he muttered; "but do let me caution you. If this excitement continues you will be ill, very ill, in earnest. Then, indeed, your case would be almost hopeless. Who could we trust to keep you from their evil machination? You must be strong, brave of heart. Cheer up. The time is short now, and victory awaits you."

He spoke cheerfully, hopefully, for the change in her face had alarmed him.

"I have got it all planned. When the time draws nigh, you must become more and more listless. A week before the 6th, say somewhere between Christmas and New Year's, you must take to your bed and send for me. I will be very much disengaged over your condition, and insist that a trained nurse must have you in charge. I know of one who will watch against all treachery. Then I will tell them you are in a critical condition—that it is only a matter of a short time; days, in fact. They will not try to injure you, to compromise themselves. At your death your stepfather will be all right."

"Oh, I wish it was the time now!" she exclaimed. "What will they do when I pass the 6th? Perhaps they will kill me even then!"

"Oh, no! I have provided for that emergency. On the morning of the 6th I bring with me two gentlemen. Your stepfather and Putney will believe these gentlemen are physicians to consult with. Instead, it will be two attorneys to draw and witness your last will and testament. From that moment you are safe. I will then tell your stepfather that I studied out his nefarious scheme—that you overheard their conversation, and know how your mother and brother came to their death, and if he does not leave immediately I will have him arrested on the charge of murder."

Her face lighted up with hope, and a smile that was enchanting played around her lips.

"God bless you!" she cried. "I shall have no more fear! You are so strong, so good!"

He blushed like a schoolboy beneath her praise. Then she exclaimed:

"I had almost forgotten why I came here today. How am I looking? Do I show that I am better? He"—she avoided saying stepfather now—"came into my room this morning, to see how my flowers were prospering. He examined that death-dealing one with extreme care. Did he suspect anything wrong?"

Once more the doctor studied the beautiful face that forgot even to blush beneath his eye. It was life at stake now. Sentiment was forgotten.

"To be candid, I think you look bad enough to satisfy any person. Did I not know how terribly you are suffering mentally, I would be alarmed.

As it is, I am sure your disease is more mental than physical. Yet you cannot be too circumspect."

"I—oh, I know it!" she cried. "Turn your head away! I cannot meet your eye and tell you what a hypocrite this trouble has made of me! This morning, when he was gazing at that bunch of bright blossoms, my heart seemed to burn and burst within me, and I wept, first softly, then frantically. He tried to soothe me, and I—I dared not tell him why; so I sobbed that I was thinking how soon I should be gone, and I wanted him to take care of it for my sake as well as for my mother's!"

"And he?"

"Oh, he did look ghastly! Had I not heard with my own ears the conversation between him and Putney, not even the voice of an angel would convince me that he was capable of such crimes. He drew me to his heart. He trembled with emotion, he cried like a child! And I had to stand his caresses! Heaven help me! it was almost worse than death!"

"You poor, suffering child!" exclaimed Dr. Lippincott. "How dare he touch you, the villain!" A cloud of anger swept over his face. "His touch is pollution! Oh, if I only dared to take satisfaction out of him!"

Indeed, it would have gone hard with him if the enraged physician had attempted to take satisfaction, for nothing short of his life would have satisfied him.

"And now," she observed, arising. "I must go. I thank you, but what are paltry thanks for all the interest you are taking in me?"

He took her outstretched hand.

"I would do more if I could," he responded, simply. "I can only bid you trust and wait."

He followed her to the door, and as he opened it his fair little cousin appeared on the step. She glanced into Madeline Marsden's face, and every particle of color drifted from her own.

"Why, Cousin Bess, this is a surprise," he said, lightly, and then stepped forward to help the stranger into her carriage.

"Be careful of the night air," he said, meaningly, and Madeline bowed. The carriage drove away.

Dr. Lippincott re-entered his office, and found Bess, the picture of despair, cowering by his fireside. Something in her unusual attitude of dejection struck him forcibly.

"What is the trouble, Bess? The toothache?"

"No," she responded, briskly, and straightening up. "For a successful physician you are as blind as a bat," she snapped. "To think that one cannot be cold, and like the glow of a comfortable fire, without having some bodily ailment."

"Pardon me, Bess. I might have known it was your temper," he retorted, with a lightness he did not feel.

He was ashamed of his want of hospitality, but at that moment Cousin Bess seemed an intruder. He wanted to be alone, to think over every word that had been uttered by the young lady who had so deeply interested him.

So short a time had he known her, and yet he felt as if he had known her all his life. Could he ever let her pass out of it?

Bess made but few comments.

"Your patient is able to be out," she observed. He turned quickly; the tone of her voice jarred on his nerves.

"What do you mean, Bess?" he inquired, coldly. "That woman's life hangs by a thread. You are very uncharitable."

"Perhaps I am," she responded, tartly. "I am not expected to understand much. However, I did not come here to quarrel with you. You treat me abominably every time I come in your door! If I had proper pride I would keep out; and this time I did not intend to come near you, only father was not feeling well and wanted me to call on you. Now I have delivered my message, and am going."

She started towards the door, but he put out his hand and pushed her back into her chair.

"You are altogether too much like a peppercorn, Cousin Bess!" he exclaimed. "You had better tell me about my uncle, if you please. How long has he been ailing? What is the trouble?"

"How should I know?" she queried. "He was sick, creeping around yesterday, and he did say: 'Oh, my! If William had been my own son he would have been up before this time to see what ails me.'"

The doctor flushed with shame beneath such a reproach.

"My dear uncle, to think I would neglect him!" he exclaimed. "You knew better than that,

Dr. Lippincott bowed.

"No skill can save her," he echoed. "There are cases where we can give no relief, or at least only a temporary relief—a temporizing with the enemy."

After a few moments more of conversation, Mr. Ingraham bowed himself out.

The bewildered doctor sat down to think. Could there be any way possible to give that man the benefit of the doubt? Was he innocent of the crimes attributed to him?—the monstrous one he was trying even at the present hour to bring about?

"I do not wonder it grieves her to believe it," he sighed. "He would deceive an angel. I was almost prepared to tell him the truth; to say, 'Your tropical plant is the cause of her illness—the death of those others you loved. You are guiltless of complicity with it.'

(To be continued.)

THE CALIFORNIA GIRL.

A SAN FRANCISCO correspondent writes: "The California girl of the average type is not pretty. The main difficulty with which the women of the Pacific Slope must contend is the seeming impossibility of bringing out or preserving a good complexion. The fierce winds which blow from the Pacific or from the mountains, combined with a naturally dry atmosphere, are enough to ruin the best of complexions in a short time. For this reason the California girl resorts to the use of paints and powders. If she can't produce a good complexion by natural means she will by artificial aids. Stroll down Market or Montgomery Street any afternoon and you will observe that eight out of every ten women you meet have painted cheeks. A popular druggist said that he had one hundred and ten different preparations for the face in stock in his store. . . .

"But, although a California girl's face may be plain, her figure is divine. No matter where you go, you will always find women with beautiful forms. One would think that the State would become a refuge for women who complain of being scrawny and angular. A two years' residence there makes a marvelous change in the outlines of the figure. California girls are even more vivacious than those of Chicago. They are witty, quick at repartee and fond of adventure. Merry-hearted and jolly, they are never vulgar. They use good, vigorous English, and are not averse to slang. There is a frankness of manner about some of them which would shock some of their Eastern sisters.

"The California girl's feet are shaped like a chemist's spatula, very long and narrow. Eastern people are apt to laugh outright when they see those queer-shaped boots for the first time. A long, slim foot cannot, by any standard, be considered beautiful. It does not look as though it was made for use or for ornament. It is disappointing. The head of the family soberly said that his children, born in Maine, had Maine feet, broad and ample, while those born in San Francisco had the genuine California foot, long and narrow. Would it not be a good plan for some scientist to study into the matter and determine why this is so?"

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPER TITLE.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes: "Of the thirty-five millions of people in the United States who know how to write, it is safe to say that not one in a thousand can superscribe a letter to their chief executive correctly. 'His Excellency' is the favorite title used among educated and cultivated persons and politicians. This title is authorized in some States as applicable to the chief executive of the subordinate sovereignties of the nation, and is always a safe form of address of a diplomatic Minister, irrespective of nationality.

"The title of the President was one of the earliest subjects of controversy, both in the Convention of 1787, among the framers of the Constitution, and in 1789, in the First Congress, which established many of the official and social precedents which were coincident with the setting in motion of the machinery of the new Government. In the Constitutional Convention the subject was elaborately discussed. A strong party, charged with monarchical tendencies, favored some style of additional title for the chief executive officer of the nation, on the ground of international as well as ceremonial considerations. The majority, however, favored cutting entirely loose from every appearance of imitation of the forms of the nations of the Old World. This gave rise to the provision in the Constitution that 'no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States.'

"In the First Congress, a committee on the title of the President having, at the instigation of the aristocratic party of the Senate, been appointed in both Houses, the subject gave rise to a parliamentary battle which sometimes grew rather too threatening to be interesting. The New England States, Virginia and South Carolina Senators were the most active champions of a high-sounding title. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, claimed that all the world, civilized and savage, called for titles ever since society was organized. The simple title, 'The President,' he said, sounded too much like that of the presiding officer of a cricket club or a fire company. 'His Excellency' was proposed, but withdrawn, and 'Highness' substituted, with some prefatory word like 'Elective,' as 'His Elective Highness' George Washington, President of the United States, claiming that such a dignified title would add weight and authority to the office at home and abroad. The champions of titles went over the whole list of the princes and potentates of the earth in support of the title 'Highness.' This was antagonized as beneath the dignity of the elective ruler of the United States, on the ground that the Grand Turk had it; that all the princes of Germany and sons and daughters of crowned heads had it; therefore it was degrading to the President of the United States to place him on a par with princes of any blood in Europe. The committee finally reported to the Senate as the title of the President: 'His Highness the President of the United States of America and Protector of the Rights of the Same.'

"When this high-flowed official designation reached the House the contending champions became so heated in their remarks that a rupture was threatened. The anti-title advocates insisted that the Constitution called him 'The President of the United States,' and, therefore, that was his title. The wags of the two Houses nagged their opponents by addressing them, 'Your Highness of the Senate'; 'His Highness of the Lower House.'

"This extraordinary discussion consumed three weeks of the opening deliberations of the First Congress of the United States, on the floor and in committee. At length the obduracy of the House, in support of Republican simplicity and popular sovereignty in titles, as in governmental forms, compelled the conference committee, to which the matter was finally referred, to report their inability to agree. The Senate committee having decided not to address the President as 'His Excellency,' made a final recommendation of title as 'His Highness the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties.' The Senate, seeing that their effort to make the President titled personage in violation of the Constitution was getting too serious, voted to postpone the further consideration of the question. The following report, which gave expression to the views of the Senate, was then agreed to:

"From a decent respect for the opinion and practice of civilized nations, whether under monarchical or republican forms of government, whose custom is to annex titles of respectability to the office of their chief magistrate, and that in intercourse with foreign nations due respect for the majesty of the people of the United States may not be hazarded by an appearance of singularity, the Senate have been induced to be of opinion that it would be proper to annex a respectable title to the office of President of the United States; but the Senate, desirous of preserving harmony with the House of Representatives, where the practice lately observed in presenting an address to the President was without the addition of title, think it proper for the present to act in conformity with the practice of the House.

"Therefore, resolved, that the present address be 'To the President of the United States,' without addition of title."

"For ninety-seven years the country has grown in dignity, wealth and power under the simple constitutional title of the chief executive of the American Republic, until it eclipses all the high-sounding designations of rank known to the vocabulary of monarchical institutions. All official communications, or from strangers, should therefore be addressed: 'To the President, Washington, D. C.' A letter from a personal friend should be addressed: 'Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.,' without title."

"The President, to all communications, whether official or personal, simply signs his name, without the usual complimentary closing, as, 'Yours truly,' or of respect, as, 'Very respectfully,' used by all officials."

A PERSIAN POTENTATE.

A WRITER in the *St. James Gazette* says: "The first time that I had the pleasure of being entertained by a Persian Prince was when I dined with the Serrum-u-Dowlet, the son of the Governor of the Province of Kermanshah, who was the King's uncle. About five in the afternoon I arrived with a friend at the Prince's house. It was in the summer-time, and His Highness was sitting with his brother in a large *talar* or archway, a sort of windowless room, the open front of which looked upon a large *haux* or tank, into and from which clear water ran continuously. The whole *talar* was built in the Arabian or Saracenic style of the Alhambra; but the decorations were less chaste and much more florid. There were life-sized full-length portraits of dancing-girls in all possible and impossible attitudes. Some were balancing knives or goblets, others were in the various postures of the Eastern dance, while one was depicted as standing on her head. All these pictures were faithful likenesses of court favorites made by the court painters. The Persians, unlike other Mohammedans, delight in representations of female beauty, in which their artists excel. The recesses in the walls were filled with chromo-lithographs of very dubious taste, let in and glazed. There were old chandeliers of various colors hanging from the lofty arch, twenty pairs of carriage-lamps were stuck in staples on the walls, and from each of these depended a tiny cage in which a nightingale was singing in emulation of his fellows, at the full pitch of his voice. In the centre of the apartment, open to the air, was a basin five feet in diameter, of the alabaster-like, yellow-veined marble of Yezd; and in this basin a single large jet of water, the thickness of a man's arm, played furiously."

"It was now sunset, and a military band, some twenty strong, and all apparently playing different tunes, produced a *tohu-bohu* truly diabolical. Then wine was served—the delicious, but heady wine of Hamadan. Trays of sweetmeats, each containing a dozen varieties of beautifully made bonbons and confits, all of snowy whiteness, were placed on the ground at either side of each of the party. The guests drank their wine from glasses; the hosts used bowls of silver of the size and shape of finger-glass. Spirits in the form of arrack—the strong, coarse spirit of the country—were offered to us and declined. Our hosts drank it like water.

"And now entered four lutis or buffoons. They sang, they danced and they told short stories, to the intense amusement of our hosts. Then, amid the rhythmic beating of drums and tambourines, the clash of cymbals and the sounds of the cornet, flute, harp, viola, sackbut and all kinds of music, came four pretty gypsy girls, half dressed in the gayest colors and covered with glittering jewelry. They sailed into the room, each decorated with her professional smile. Truth to say, these girls were much painted, but in Persia every lady paints on great occasions. The eyebrows and eyelashes had been much beautified. A tiny zonave jacket of bright satin, embroidered with gold and seed pearls, was all the clothing worn above the waist. The skirts reached to the knee and were much bouffé, like those of our opera-dancers. Two of the girls wore their pretty tresses in innumerable plait; from the end of each plait hung a little bell or a silver coin. The other two allowed their magnificent *cherehavas* of wavy black hair to hang in a cascade, which fell far below their waists. As to their eyes, it is enough to say that they were Persian eyes. The age of the dancers varied from thirteen years to seventeen.

"The dance had no variety. The four young ladies spun round in a row, the hands high in air, while the fingers were snapped with a sound like the playing of castanets. Now and then the dancers would make what children call a 'cheese.' Then, while their feet remained motionless, their bodies would be swayed and contorted more and more rapidly as the music quickened. Then the head was bent back till it almost touched the ground, the fingers being snapped in time to the music, while one girl clashed a pair of cymbals (an inch in diameter) between the forefinger and thumb of each hand. Meanwhile the musicians were singing a Persian love-song with a wild refrain, in which all joined. The scene was a sufficiently gay one, all taking place under a blaze of

light from the chandeliers and carriage-lamps. The girls now danced singly, and a variety of posturing was gone through. They balanced full glasses and lighted candles; they stood on their heads; they walked on their hands in procession—emulating the more difficult attitudes depicted on the walls. Then they danced a rather skillful scarf-dance. Then their attentions became personal. They would be well rewarded by our hosts, but we gave them a few coins, and they retired, smiling and kissing their hands.

"Dinner was served—the usual Persian banquet of a hundred dishes. Dinner for four, food for fifty. At eleven o'clock we were allowed to depart, leaving our host in the humor to make a night of it. The fountain was still playing; so was the band. The girls were still dancing, the lights blazing, the bulbul still singing."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A SOLDERING fluid composed of a teaspoonful of chloride of zinc dissolved in two ounces of alcohol will not rust or tarnish, and has no bad smell.

AN AUSTRALIAN has invented an electrical machine-gun which he claims is capable of firing 120 rounds every few seconds from any position and in any direction.

SINCE the establishment, four months ago, of the Odessa Bacteriological Station, 322 patients from all parts of the Empire have been treated for hydrophobia, by Dr. Gamalea, on the Pasteur system. Of these seven died subsequent to their dismissal from the institute.

MOCK-IRON is the name given to an alloy for filling blow-holes, etc., in castings. It is made of one part bismuth, two parts antimony and nine parts lead. This has the property of expanding, in cooling, so that hole filled with the melted alloy will not show any cracks, and the plug will be tight.

THE newly patented Marshall telephone is said to be all that is claimed for it. Its construction is novel, no magnet or diaphragm being used; but depending for its acoustic interpretation of electric pulsations upon the alternate cohering and separation of sheets of ordinary tinfoil and paper, arranged as a condenser. Its cost of manufacture is only a few cents.

A MIXTURE to erase grease-spots: Equal parts of strong ammonia-water, ether and alcohol form a valuable cleaning compound. Pass a piece of blotting-paper under the grease-spot, moisten a sponge, first with water, to render it "greedy," then with the mixture, and rub with it the spot. In a moment it will be dissolved, saponified and absorbed by the sponge and blotter.

A SUBSTANCE resembling celluloid may be made from potatoes by peeling them, and, after soaking in water, impregnating with eight parts of sulphuric acid, then drying and pressing between sheets of blotting-paper. In France pipes are made of this substance scarcely distinguishable from meerschaum. By subjecting the mass to great pressure a substance can be made of it rivaling ivory in hardness.

ACCORDING to Dr. Geneuil, solanine is an efficacious substitute for morphine. It is prepared from potatoes by boiling the young shoots in water, slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, and adding ammonia to the warm decoction. It can also be obtained from the peelings of very young or very old potatoes. It was first employed by Jules Clarns, of Leipsic, in 1859, but has never been used to any great extent.

A PIANO with case made entirely of paper is a recent German production. As it is described, the color is creamy white; the tone is reported to be characterized by sweetness rather than loudness, the sound emitted, unlike the short, broken note of the ordinary piano, being soft, full and slightly continuous, somewhat resembling that of the organ. This modification of tone, which must be built into the instrument, is attributed to the evenness of texture of the compressed paper.

ACCORDING to Dr. Brown-Sequard, one has only to harden the neck and feet and destroy their sensitiveness to prevent taking cold. This is done by daily blowing a stream of cool air, by means of an elastic bag, upon the neck, and by immersing the feet in cool water. The air is at first only slightly cool, but is each day made colder, until the neck can stand an arctic blast with impunity. The feet are immersed in water which is at first at a temperature of about 90° F., and this is gradually reduced to 38° F.

A BIRMINGHAM firm has recently patented a handy pocket-case. It consists of a little metal case, 3 1/2 inches in length, 2 1/2 inches in width and 1 inch in depth, and within this narrow compass are neatly packed a compress for stanching blood, an isinglass plaster, 8 feet of antiseptic bandages, a roll of tape for tightly binding a bleeding limb to stop the flow, a small bottle of ammonia to be applied in the case of venomous bites, sheet of waxed silk, and some safety and surgical pins for securing bandages.

LEADVILLE is in a wild race over a new electric indicator that is used to determine the location, from surface observations, of underground mineral bodies. It is the invention of a prominent electrician of Boston, and is constructed upon the theory that the strong electric currents known to be induced by large mineral bodies can be utilized to locate the latter. The machine is a simple affair, consisting of electrodes which connect with batteries in a box containing an electric needle. The influence of the electric subterranean currents upon the needle is supposed to indicate the presence of an ore body.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

DECEMBER 24TH.—In New York city, Professor Charles Short, of Columbia College, aged 65 years. December 26th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain Christian Encke, Thirty-ninth New York Volunteers; in New York, Shepard F. Knapp, well-known in sporting circles, aged 60 years. December 27th.—In New York, Ashbel H. Barney, ex-President of the Northern Pacific Railroad, etc., aged 70 years. December 28th.—In New York, Edmund O'Flaherty ("William Stuart"), dramatic critic and theatrical manager, aged 65 years; in Baltimore, Md., ex-Congressman William Kimmel, aged 74 years. December 29th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., James A. McMaster, proprietor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, aged 67 years; in Oakland, Cal., Pedar Sather, a well-known San Francisco banker. December 30th.—In New York, General William W. Loring (Loring Pasha), an ex-officer of the United States, Confederate and Egyptian armies, aged 69 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Empress of Austria wants to visit this country, having always longed for a ride on the prairies.

MR. PARNELL, who is still in feeble health, has resumed work, and expects to be able to visit Dublin this week.

THE Georgia admirers of Henry W. Grady, of the Atlanta *Constitution*, are "booming" him for United States Senator.

CONGRESSMAN IRA DAVENPORT and his brother have just presented to their native town of Bath, N. Y., an imposing structure for library purposes.

DWIGHT L. MOODY, the evangelist, will spend two or three months in Chicago in order to superintend the establishment of the lay training-school, for which \$250,000 has already been pledged.

ALLAN E. DORMAN, of Richmond, Va., is soon to marry Edith Talmage, a daughter of the Brooklyn divines. The two first met at White Sulphur Springs, where Miss Talmage loitered two seasons.

SEÑOR CARAZO, an extreme Liberal and an ardent supporter of all measures tending to promote the advancement and progress of Central America, has been elected President of Nicaragua.

MR. J. A. BOSTWICK, of New York, has recently given \$50,000 to Wake Forest College, North Carolina. He had previously presented to the College \$20,000 in stocks that yield ten per cent. interest.

MR. MEISSONIER, the French artist of world-wide fame, has shown such lack of strength lately that his friends fear lest he may not recover. He works a little in his studio, but lacks vigor and elasticity.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie is living in a villa at Posillipo, outside Naples, in close retirement. She is feeble and much aged. At Rome, Eugenie went to the Royal Palace to see the sword carried by Napoleon Bonaparte at Marengo.

HARVARD COLLEGE will receive some \$400,000 from the will of the late John Q. A. Williams, of Boston. The fund is to be used in aiding needy and meritorious students, who are to consider such aids as debts of honor, and also for the library of the college.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is still suffering from old-fashioned rheumatism, and was last week confined to his room for two or three days, being compelled to deny himself to visitors. His physicians emphatically deny the newspaper reports that his condition is one of real danger.

PRESIDENT ELIOT of Harvard College, who is suffering from overwork, proposes to make an extended trip to Europe early in the present year. He will stay abroad until next Fall, spending most of the time in England as the guest of the eminent Englishmen whom he has so often entertained at Cambridge.

THE Temple Theatre in Philadelphia, owned by Mr. W. M. Singerly, of the *Record*, and valued at \$400,000, was destroyed by fire last week. Two firemen were killed during the fire. Mr. Singerly subsequently gave the widow of one \$500, and also gave \$250 to have the body of the other properly buried.

A LONDON dispatch says that Lord Colin Campbell's solicitors have applied for a new trial of his counter suit for divorce against his wife, on the ground that the verdict of the jury was against the weight of the evidence. If he fails in this effort he will, it is said, take his case before the House of Lords for final adjudication.

QUEEN VICTORIA rings the feudal bell in the ears of her youngest son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg. Prince Henry is not allowed to "sleep out," and whenever he happens to be in London o' nights he must catch the last train for Windsor. This excellent mother-in-law, the Queen, is especially fond of her latest grandson, Beatrice's first-born.

AMONG the gifts to W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, on the occasion of the eighty-eighth anniversary of his birth, were a basket of orchids from Mrs. Cleveland, a bunch of exquisite roses, which Mrs. Whitney called in person to leave, and nearly a score of flower pieces from those whom Mr. Corcoran's bounty has assisted.

THOMAS STEVENS, the bicyclist, who is making a tour of the world, has reached Japan. At Kin-kying, China, he was stoned by the natives and had a narrow escape with his life. At Kingaroo a mob attacked him, broke his bicycle, and but for the soldiers, who rescued him, he would have been killed. He will probably reach San Francisco about the middle of January.

THE seventy-seventh anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birth occurred on December 29th. He attended early service at the Hawarden Church, and during the day was fairly deluged with telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the world. He was also the recipient of innumerable presents. Banquets in honor of the day were given by Liberals in various parts of England.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, distributed \$25,000 in Christmas presents. All his employés were remembered by presents of money. In one case, in filling the envelopes, he made a mistake and picked up two \$50 notes instead of one. Looking at the name on the envelope, he said: "Well, he buried a child this year. I guess he'll need them both." It was for one of the printers.

GENERAL LOGAN is the thirteenth member of the Forty-ninth Congress to die



DAKOTA.—RT. REV. WILLIAM D. WALKER, BISHOP OF NORTHERN DAKOTA,
AND MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF INDIAN COMMISSIONERS.

RT. REV. WILLIAM D. WALKER, D.D.

RT. REV. WILLIAM DAVID WALKER, D.D., Episcopal Bishop of Northern Dakota, whom the President has just appointed a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, vice William T. Johnson, resigned, was formerly well-known in New York city. He was born here, June 29th, 1839. For several years he attended the Trinity Classical School. He passed an examination for Columbia College at the age of sixteen, and entered that institution, from which he was graduated in 1859, taking the degree of B.A., and bearing off the McVickar prize for an essay on "The Evidences of Christianity." In the Fall of the same year he entered the Union Theological Seminary, New York city, for a divinity course, and was graduated in 1862. On the 29th of June of that year he was ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was immediately called to the rectorship of Calvary Chapel, Twenty-third Street. The following year (1863) he was ordained to Priest's Orders; and in 1871 he erected a new church-building on the opposite side of the street, at a cost of \$130,000, and finished it without a dollar of indebtedness. It was not only a house of worship, but a practical institution of enlightenment—embracing a reading-room, a sewing-school for girls, and a day-school for small children. He also organized several Guilds for visiting the sick, poor and needy, and a number of schools, Bible classes, etc. The parish developed under the active ministry of Rev. Mr. Walker, bringing into the fold 500 communicants and from 500 to 600 Sunday-school scholars; and, upon quitting the charge, he left in the church-treasury an endowment fund of \$17,500 for the support of the church and its work. During his rectorship of twenty-one years at Calvary Chapel, Mr. Walker received many tempting calls to other churches, but he declined them all, until 1888, when the House of Bishops elected him Bishop of Northern Dakota.

Since he was first ordained for the ministry, Bishop Walker has had conferred on him the degree of M.A. by Columbia College, in 1862; that of D.D. by Racine College, in 1883; and that of *Sacrae Theologiae Doctor* by Columbia College, in 1884. Since Bishop Walker became the head of the Church in Northern Dakota, religion and civilization have advanced with rapid strides. He found only four churches there when he took charge. Since then he has aided in the erection of eleven others, making in all fifteen.

The Episcopal Church in Dakota has been most fortunate in securing such an earnest worker in the cause of religion, civilization and humanity as Bishop Walker. The Indian has in him a true and powerful friend. His recent visit to Washington was made in behalf of a starving tribe in his bishopric. Bishop Walker is one of the first pulpit orators in the Great West.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A., RICHMOND, VA.

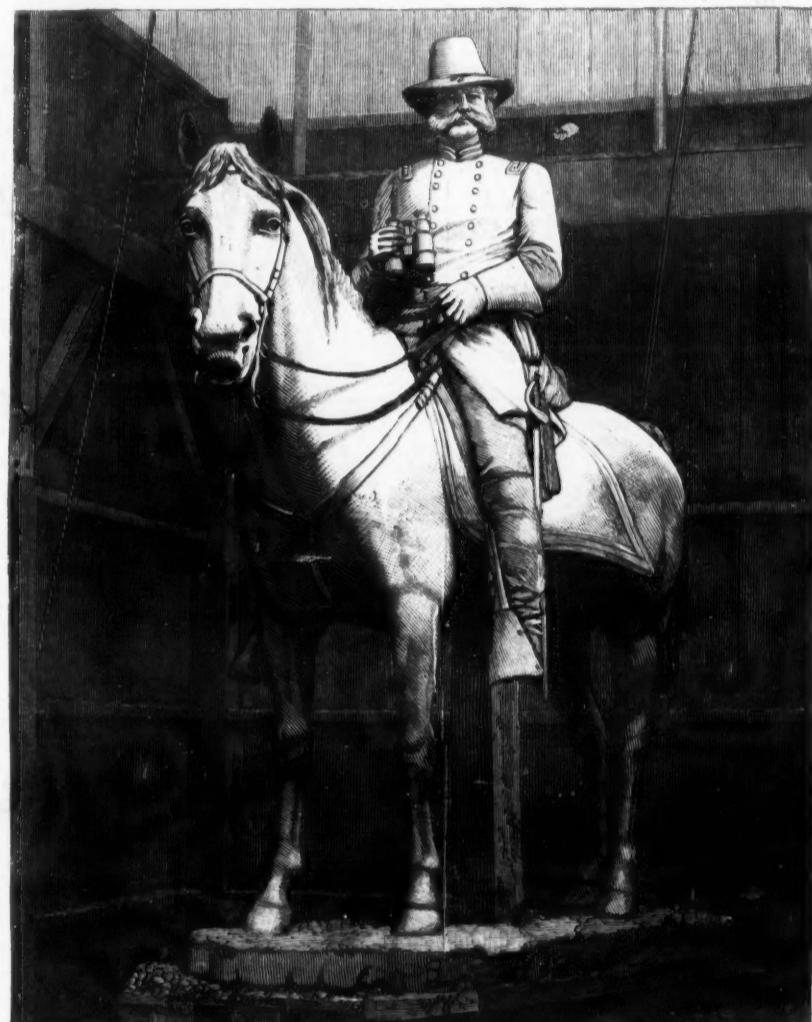
SINCE that terrible day in April, 1865, when two-thirds of the business portion of Richmond, Va., was destroyed by fire, and property valued at millions of dollars was swept hopelessly away, a wonderful change has come over the scene of desolation. The waste places have all disappeared, and practically a new city has arisen from the ashes of the old. Not only have the old desolations been repaired, but the city has expanded at an amazing rate, especially in its more westerly portion. What was literally "old fields" a few years ago has now become the fashionable quarter for residences. Then the Baptist Seminary, or Richmond College, was considered "out in the woods." It is now in close proximity to the homes of prosperous and opulent merchants. Property has advanced one hundred per cent. in less than ten years, and fine residences, large public-school structures, grand churches, etc., have risen in splendid proportions on every side.

A notable building has just been erected in a locality which used to be designated as "up-town," but must now be called "down-town"—the new building for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association, situated at the northeast corner of Main and Sixth Streets. On the opposite corner of the street is the Second Baptist Church, and on the corner of the square above it is the Second Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Dr. Hoge's. The credit of the erection of the new hall for the Young Men's Christian Association must be ascribed chiefly to the ladies of Richmond,

for they were largely instrumental in furthering this, as every other good work, by taking the initiative to raise the money for its erection. The fine structure fronts 60 feet on Main by 124 feet on Sixth Street. It is built of stretcher bricks in red mortar, on a foundation of granite, with courses of Ohio stone and ornamental terra-cotta. The basement contains, besides cellars and dressing-rooms, a bowling-alley and commodious gymnasium, the greater part of which extends to the second-floor level. The first floor embraces an entrance-hall, a reception-room, parlor, library, reading-room, etc. A wide stairway leads to the second story, which is divided into class and committee rooms, boys' reading-room, etc., a hall which will seat seven hundred persons of both sexes, and a stage and gallery. The third floor contains class-rooms, janitor's quarters, etc. The building is finished in white pine, with some

HISTORIC LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

THE view of Lookout Mountain on page 365 forms the complement of our group of illustrations of Chattanooga, published with a descriptive article two weeks ago. This noble ridge, dominating a broad and beautiful stretch of the Valley of the Tennessee River, is famous as the scene of one of the most picturesque military contests in history—the "battle above the clouds," won by General Hooker on the 24th of November, 1863. It is about two miles distant from Chattanooga, and its summit is reached by a five-mile climb. The magnificent prospect viewed from the Point well repays this effort. From a height of 1,600 feet, the visitor looks down upon the thrifty young city nestled at the foot of the ridge, and over the miles of sunny farmlands through which the Tennessee winds its serpentine



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE IN THE STUDIO OF THE SCULPTOR LAUNT THOMPSON.
MODELING THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.
SEE PAGE 306.

of the rooms in redwood. The roof is covered with slate. The Association's old Hall and Library were totally destroyed by fire at the great conflagration in April, 1865.

course. There are falls, cascades, curious rock formations, and other points of interest, to be visited on the mountain, which in the springtime is covered with rhododendron and wild flowers.

The city is gradually creeping closer about Lookout Mountain, but the grim old sentinel looks just as he did during the war, and as he will for ages and ages to come.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S FORMAL LIFE.

A WASHINGTON letter says: "Doubtless it has occurred to few of those who have looked with envy upon Mrs. Cleveland's high position, and the encomiums so constantly passed on her, to realize how much she had to sacrifice of the innocent pleasures natural to so young and handsome a woman, in exchange for the fleeting honors and really laborious duties of a President's wife. Her associates must necessarily be ladies much older than herself, and her partner, if she ever dances at all, which would only be in a state quadrille in opening some specially grand ball, must be an elderly man of high official station."

"Mrs. Cleveland's partners at the state dinners to be given during the Winter at the Executive Mansion are picked out for her in advance. Custom has ordained that at the dinner given to the Cabinet, for instance, she must be escorted to table by the Secretary of State."

"When the Justices of the United States Supreme Court



VIRGINIA.—THE NEW BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, RICHMOND,
JUST ERECTED BY THE LADIES OF THAT CITY.



TENNESSEE.—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 24TH, 1863.
FROM A SKETCH BY MOSER.

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

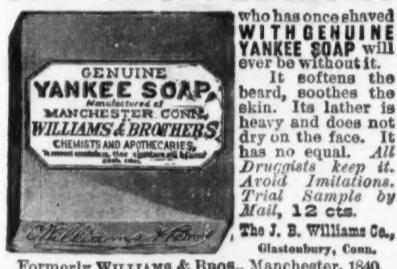
Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my Lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

NO GENTLEMAN



Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1840.

THE MIKADO

For ten cents in stamps we will send a book containing the complete words of the Mikado; *Second*, the music of all the best songs; *Third*, etchings of all the characters in the opera. These facts make it the best Mikado book published, but we send with it ten beautiful chromo cards besides, not defaced by having advertisements printed on the pictures.—MACK PUBLISHING CO., 528 & 530 Washington St., New York.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING For a check for \$20 we will print a ten-line advertisement in One Million issues of leading American Newspapers, and complete the work within ten days. This is at the rate of only one-fifth of a cent a line, for 1,000 circulation! The advertisement will appear in but a single issue of any paper, and consequently will be placed before One Million different newspaper purchasers—or Five MILLION READERS, if it is true, as is sometimes stated, that every newspaper is looked at by five persons on an average. Ten lines will accommodate about seventy-five words. Address with copy of advertisement and check, or send 30 cents for book of 176 pages. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

NOTICE GREAT FALL IN PRICES.



Skates at 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, etc.

C. RECHT, 183 Bowery, New York.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. I sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS obtained. H. W. T. JENNER, Patent At'ty, Washington, D. C. Charges moderate. Cir's free.

A BIG OFFER To introduce them, we will operating Washing Machines. If you want one, send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

OPPIUM HABIT Sure cure in 10 to 30 days. Sanitarium treatment or medicines by express. 15 years established. Book free. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

Good News —TO— LADIES!

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (44 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful chin tea sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HANDSOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humbug. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Tea you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINNERS SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
31 and 33 Vesey Street,
P. O. Box 289. NEW YORK.

SPRATTS PATENT DOG CAKES,

Genuine
SPRATTS
PATENT
STAMPED.
None are
issuing
For Sale by all First-class Grocers and
Dealers in Sportsman's Supplies.
The Original English Dog & Poultry Medicines
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Factory, 239-245 E. 56th St., New York.
Circulars Post Free on Application.
DOWN TOWN DEPT., 18 SO. WILLIAM ST.

JOHN F. STRATTON'S Royal Mouth Harmonicas.



JOHN F. STRATTON,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in all Kinds of
Musical Merchandise,
49 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

N. B.—With the exception of Brass Instruments
no goods sold at retail.
Send for a Catalogue.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Parties who neglected to invest in Kansas City and Mississippian real estate at the proper time and missed it, have now another opportunity in Sioux City. Those who did invest in Kansas City and Mississippian and consequently enriched themselves, are invited to inspect the Coming City of the West. Send for circulars. Address JOHN PIERCE, Sec'y, Sioux City, Iowa.

WE WANT YOU! alive energetic man
profitable employment to represent us in every
county. Salary \$75 per month and expenses, or a
large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple.
Every one buys. Outfit and particulars free.
STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

WE are sending out 10,000
sample CASKETS of
our SILVERWARE to
secure new agents.
& addressing WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., Wallingford, Ct.

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OPPIUM HABIT ABSOLUTELY CURED,
NOT A PASCAL PAIR
or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book
free. DR. C. J. WEATHERBY, Kansas City, Mo.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

BLOOM OF YOUTH

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods
Dealers Everywhere.

LAIRD'S



WHITE LILAC SOAP

The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is refreshing and soothing to the skin, leaving it beautifully clear soft and smooth.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.
Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods
Dealers Everywhere.

BALL!

Articles for the German and Dinner Parties. Carnival Funny Caps, Cotillon Figures, Ball Decorations, Masks, Wigs, Paper Lanterns, Games, Artificial Plants, etc., etc. GELBKE & BENEDICTUS, Dresden, Saxony. Illustrated Price-book, in German and French, gratis.

COLLECT THE RARE COINS

In your town, and make a few hundred dollars. I pay from \$1 to \$600 premium on over 400 different pieces; for the rare quarters and half-dollars of 1853, from \$8 to \$15. Bank references. Descriptive Coin Book, 25c. W. VON BERGEN, Millville, Mass.

WITH \$5

YOU CAN SECURE ONE
5% IMP. AUST. 100-FL. GOVT. BOND,
ISSUE OF 1860.

The next redemption of which takes place
TUESDAY, THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY.

These bonds are shares in an Austrian Government loan, and are guaranteed in drawings until each bond is redeemed with at least 20 per cent, over its face value. A part of the interest on the whole loan is distributed in premiums ranging from 120 florins to 600 florins among the holders of bonds redeemed in each drawing. The bonds also bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent, per annum, payable semi-annually. Every bond is entitled to

TWO DRAWINGS ANNUALLY,

until each and every bond is redeemed with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS:

	Florins.	Florins.
2	60,000	120,000
2	10,000	20,000
2	5,000	10,000
4	2,000	8,000
30	1,000	30,000
60	200	12,000
4,800	120	576,000

Together 4,900 Premiums, amounting to 776,000 Florins. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF FEBRUARY,

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of February, until 6 P. M., is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date, as well as to the interest that the bond bears.

Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next redemption. Balance payable in monthly installments.

For bonds, circulars, or any other information, call on or address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO., 160 Fulton St., cor. Broadway, New York City.

ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

N. B.—In writing mention FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

30 DAYS' TRIAL DR. DYE'S VOLTAIC BELT

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

Who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WANTING WEAKNESSES, and all similar diseases. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH AND VIGOR GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address,

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

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Pictorial Portfolio

12 BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURES.

1. THE LUCKY DOG.
2. THE WEDDING GIFT.
3. WRITING TO SANTA CLAUS.
4. THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.
5. A MAY-DAY FLITTING.
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7. GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.
8. ADORATION OF THE INFANT SAVIOUR.
9. RINGING IN THE NEW YEAR.
10. THE PHANTOM SHIP.
11. THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.
12. AN ELOPEMENT IN PURITAN TIMES.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, N. Y. City.



TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH.

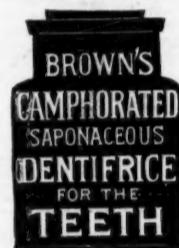
Merit Indispensable to Success.

Allcock's Porous Plasters have stood the test of over twenty-five years' use, and have proved the best external remedy extant. They are the only genuine porous plasters, and imitations are not only lacking in the elements which make Allcock's so effectual, but they are often harmful in their effects. Allcock's Porous Plasters do not blister or irritate the skin, but soothe and relieve while curing, and are safe, sure and speedy in their action. They are recommended and endorsed by the highest medical authorities, and have the unqualified commendation of the thousands of afflicted men and women who have used them. Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK's, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

KNABE Piano Fortes

UNEQUALED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship and
Durability.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,
Nos. 204 & 206 WEST BALTIMORE ST., Baltimore.
No. 112 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth

AND

PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

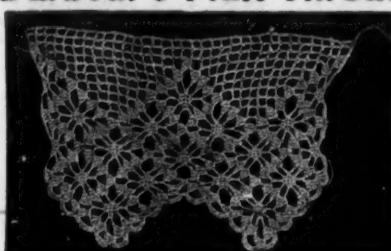


GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing *less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Barbour's Flax Thread



LADIES

Fond of Crochet Work may make a beautiful Lace for Curtains, or other Trimming, from

BARBOUR'S No. 10 SHOE THREAD.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,
NEW YORK.



EUREKA
SILK CO., Boston, Mass.

A full assortment of above as well as the celebrated Eureka Knitting Silks, Filosene, and Wash Etching Silks, all of which are Pure Dye and Fast Colors. For sale by all leading dealers.

WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless remedy for Consumption in every Stage of the Disease. For Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite, and every form of General Debility, it is an unequalled Specific Remedy. BE SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Sold by druggists. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 102 William Street, New York.

TYLER DESK CO. ST. LOUIS MO.
New 64p. Illustrat'd Catalog 1886, finest ever printed, now ready, represents over 200 New, Original Styles of Office & Library DESKS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BOOK CASES, LOUNGES, LETTER PRESSES, Cabinets, Ladies' Fancy Desks, etc. Finest Goods and Lowest Prices Guaranteed. Catalogue free. Postage 4c. No postage.

The Tyler Desks are the Best on Earth.

PRINT YOUR OWN CARDS
PRESS, \$3. Circular size, \$8. Press for small newspaper, \$44. Type-setting easy; printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



PEARS' SOAP—The Great English Complexion Soap—is sold throughout the United States and in all other parts of the World, and its praises are heard and echoed everywhere.

33 and $\frac{1}{3}$ Per Cent.
DIVIDEND.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

In addition to the reduction of the current yearly payments, as compared with the rates charged under the old system of Life Insurance, which reduction equals a CASH DIVIDEND of more than FIFTY PER CENT. UPON THE TOTAL PREMIUMS PAID.

Notice is hereby given that, in addition to the aforesaid cash reduction, the amount now to the credit of all present members of the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION, who became members in 1881, equals a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY-THREE and ONE-THIRD PER CENT. upon the entire assessment premiums paid during the first quinquennial (five years) period, viz.: from 1881 to 1886, inclusive. Which amount has been deposited with and held by the Central Trust Company of New York, as Trustee of the Reserve Fund of this Association, and applicable as provided in the contracts held by the members of the Association.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association

EDWARD B. HARPER, Pres.

F. T. BRAMAN, Secretary.

Notice is also given that during said time (from 1881 to 1886, inclusive) the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION has paid to the widows and orphans and representatives of its deceased members nearly THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN CASH.

Within this time its total business exceeds TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

More than fifty-five thousand of the leading citizens of our country have been received into its membership.

Every death-claim has been paid promptly and in full, in many instances the widow and children receiving the money before the body of the deceased husband and father was laid in his grave.

Within this time (from 1881 to 1886, inclusive) there has accumulated in its CASH TONTINE RESERVE FUND nearly ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS, which fund is held either by Governmental authorities, as required by law, or it is held by the CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY of New York as trustee for the members, thus precluding the possibility of the Reserve Fund of this Association from being squandered by the officers of the association, as all investments must be made upon the joint approval of the TWO COMPANIES, while held by the Trust Company, yet invested in the name of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, so that a failure of either institution would not jeopardize the securities held by the Trust Company for the protection of our members; and this RESERVE FUND is increasing at the rate of nearly ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER DAY.

We HAVE saved our members, by a reduction of the premiums, as compared under the old system, within the past SIX YEARS, more than TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

OUR SURPLUS is largely in excess of ONE MILLION ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Our new business for the year 1886 exceeds FIFTY-FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

OUR EXPENSE OF MANAGEMENT IS AND HAS BEEN, LESS THAN ONE-THIRD AS GREAT AS THAT OF THE LEVEL PREMIUM MONOPOLY COMPANIES, TRANSACTING BUSINESS UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM OF LIFE INSURANCE, BEING LESS THAN ONE-FIFTH AS GREAT UPON EACH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS OF NEW BUSINESS TRANSACTED, AND LESS THAN ONE-THIRD AS GREAT UPON EACH ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS OF OLD BUSINESS.

The conflict waged against this association and its management by the old and expensive level premium system, under the leadership of three of the most gigantic, unscrupulous and soulless monopolies the world has ever known, has been constant and never-ceasing within the past twelve months (the father of lies, with his trusted lieutenants, has been met, and a complete victory won by truth and justice), and to-day the officers of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association greet its many thousands of policy-holders throughout the length and breadth of our land, WISHING THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR, and assuring them no better, no cheaper, and no safer form of life insurance was ever devised than that offered by the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

Further information can be had at any of the branch offices of the Association, which are located in the leading cities of our country, or by applying at the Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York City.

E. B. HARPER, PRESIDENT.

THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK, Trustee for the Reserve Fund.
ALFRED TAYLOR, First Vice President. C. R. BISSELL, Treasurer.
C. F. POTTER, Second Vice President. J. W. BOWDEN, M.D., Medical Director.
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